
BROOKWOOD·FARM·
Ex Libris
HENRY·B·THOMPSON

# THE NEW

# PRINCETON REVIEW

VOL. VI

1888

JULY—SEPTEMBER—NOVEMBER

New York
A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON

London
HODDER & STOUGHTON

Press of J. J. Little & Co.
Astor Place, New York.

# CONTENTS.

## VOLUME VI.

# THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.

63d Year. JULY, 1888. No. 4.


## THE STUDY OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE.

WHEN we approach the close of the seventeenth century in English literature, we begin to be confronted by a practical difficulty. A door must be open or shut, and the chamber of our studies will hold but a limited number of forms or ideas at a single time. What is to be excluded, and what retained, becomes a burning question. In the early stages of civilization, everything written takes its place as literature, but with the widening of the habit of penmanship there springs up an ever-increasing mass of script which is by no means to be treated as literary art. Even in the Elizabethan age there were two branches of written and published work which mainly passed outside the conception of literature, namely, theology and law. But still, throughout the seventeenth century, poetry remained the normal class of expression, while prose retained its conscious character as something which had to compete with poetry and share its graces. It is at the point where these graces of language are entirely subordinated (in the discussion of practical subjects) to exact statement of fact, that there arises a class of books which cannot be treated as literature, in spite of their importance as contributions to thought and knowledge. During the last quarter of the seventeenth century a spirited effort was made to chronicle the new observations of science in the best literary form of the age, but it could not be sustained. The reader has but to compare the *Acetaria* of Evelyn and the *Anti-Elixir* of Boyle with

any authoritative modern treatise on the cookery of cucumbers or the composition of alloys, to see how very much the absence of all literary elegance is of advantage in obtaining exact information upon practical subjects. Accordingly, the graces were tacitly and gradually excluded from all treatment of purely utilitarian problems and exact observations, and this exclusion divided the vast body of what was written into literature and non-literary matter.

We must, therefore, prepare ourselves, on approaching the year 1700, to find the history of English literature no longer identical with the history of English thought. There has recently been developed a tendency to go in the opposite direction, and instead of narrowing the field of study to enlarge it. It has been proposed to combine with an examination of English literature a survey of contemporary history and politics, science and learning, theology and speculation. Such a curriculum is fit only for an archangel, dowered with eyes "that run thro' all the heavens," and with a memory and a comprehension beyond a mortal span. No doubt a direct benefit in the study of any one province of knowledge is gained by a correct superficial acquaintance with all that is contiguous to it; but common sense and experience unite to show that, with the increase of facts and the minute subdivision of science, the field of any one particular study, to remain exact, must be rigidly narrowed. It is, therefore, I think, useful for the student of English literature, on reaching the eighteenth century, to make up his mind to the acceptance of a formula less extended than he has hitherto brought with him down from the Renaissance. He will so contract his field of study as to embrace only what may be contained within the denomination of *belles-lettres* in its widest sense, to the exclusion of whatever is purely technical or occasional.

It is difficult, no doubt, in practice, to draw any hard-and-fast line between what is and is not literature in this sense. In a rough kind of way we may see that while *The Public Spirit of the Whigs* and the *Letter to a Noble Lord* are inside, the *Behaviour of the Queen's Ministry* and the *Duration of Parliaments* are outside the frontier of literature; yet, on the whole, it will be convenient to give everything of such masters as Swift and Burke the benefit of the doubt. It is when we descend to less accomplished forces than these that it becomes obvious that the epoch-making work of the Methodist and the deist, the politician and the savant, the jurist and the economist, although so important in the history of society, of

thought, and of the state, must, from the point of view of the mere student of literature, be, for the future, left unexamined, or very briefly and inadequately touched. We must reserve ourselves strictly to what remains in some degree linked with the art of poetry, to what aims at giving delight by its form, to what appeals to the sentiments and the pleasure-receiving instincts, and is not merely a vehicle for instruction or edification.

If, however, it becomes necessary in approaching the Augustan age to confine our study of English literature within closer limits, we are encouraged in so doing by the tendency of that age itself. The seventeenth century had been a period of extraordinary literary adventure. Every species of intellectual stimulus had stirred the educated classes throughout the reign of the last of the Tudors, and one amazing achievement had followed on the heels of another. Greece, Italy, Rome, and Spain had been laid under contribution for the enrichment and enlargement of the genius of this country, and a magnificent literature was borne, like a triumphal procession, heavy with the spoils of Europe, in front of the throne of Elizabeth. But this glowing triumph had tailed off, by the time the Commonwealth was reached, into a grotesque and anarchical body of camp-followers, with here and there a majestic Milton or Taylor to recall the greatness of the past. When the Restoration was complete, and the babel of voices had died away, the new generation had no desire to recall the deafening chorus of Jacobean decadence, and rather proposed to reduce its own manifestations to the most decent and prosaic forms. The tradition of eighteenth-century reserve was formed in the intellectual fatigue that succeeded on the decline of Elizabethan greatness, and the last thing which the contemporaries of Dryden proposed to themselves was a new crusade of literary adventure.

Where there is life, however, there must be experiment, and in spite of its studied quiescence, eighteenth-century literature is full of new departures. To detect these, and to analyze them correctly, is one of the first tasks which the student must set himself to undertake, when once he has mastered the chart of the period. At first sight, there seems to be an absence of general tendency ; the forces appear to be wielded by certain master-spirits at their individual pleasure, without much relation to contemporary feeling. We have no longer, certainly, those well-defined schools, or, to change the image, those prominent ranges, culminating in peaks, which diversify the map of seventeenth-century literature, and make its general

aspect so rich and full. We find movements less absorbing and men more prominent. In the development of literary society, the personage of letters emerges from the obscurity of professional life, and poses as an important single figure. Literary history in the eighteenth century, however, is far from being the chronicle of a series of brilliant units. Perhaps because of that very meagreness of outside influence which has been alluded to, the transmission of forces from generation to generation was never more marked than between 1660 and 1780. The continuity of metaphysical speculation from Locke onward, the long-resisted and slowly-adopted new literary profession of journalism, the evolution of the modern novel from the expiring schools of comedy, the gradual resumption of an observant interest in the phenomena of society and of landscape, the dawning of a taste for Gothic romance, these are but the most salient of a number of experimental movements, rising from the dead surface of the century, and pursued across wide sections of its extent.

These experiments, these feats of literary adventure, are not hurried forward during the eighteenth century as they were at the close of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth. Then it took but a year or two to create, introduce, and make fashionable a whole new form of literature. Any match, whatever wind was blowing, would set the prairie then on fire. But after the Restoration, whatever was done had to be done in the green tree. The judgment had grown sedate, enthusiasm was waxing cold, and the changes were slow and not obviously apparent. The close observer detects, for instance, a change of style between the *Astræa Redux* of 1660 and the *Dispensary* of 1699; but the alteration is by no means obvious. An equal period would take us from the *Steel Glass* of Gascoigne, across Spenser and Shakspere, to *Britannia's Pastorals* and the songs of Carew, an excursion which bewilders the brain with its variety. But no more suggestive instance of the slowness of post-Restoration changes can be given than is offered by the history of a return to the observation of nature. In 1660 it seemed as though all use of the physical eyes had been abandoned in prose and verse; those who wrote appeared to see everything blurred and faint, as through clouded spectacles. Dryden is perhaps the only great writer, he is certainly the only English poet of high rank, who appears to be wholly destitute of the gift of observation. In Congreve, in such touches as Lady Wishfort's "Thou bosom-traitress

that I took from washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a black-blue nose over a chafing-dish of starved embers, and dining behind a traverse rag in a shop no bigger than a bird-cage," we see the art returning. But still no one looks beyond the street; till years roll on, and Lady Winchelsea and Gay and Green, venturing into country places, successively open the field of vision each a little wider than the other; they pass away, and Thomson arrives, with a mannered but genuine vision of something more grandiose, of mountain and lake and long, billowy champaign; he gives place to Gray, with his intuition of beauty among the genuine Alps and under the forehead of Helvellyn; and by the time we reach the Gilpins and the Gilbert Whites, we perceive that a slow and slender, but ever-broadening stream of natural observation has been meandering down the whole length of that very century which is supposed to be so characteristically devoid of it.

To facilitate the study of eighteenth-century literature, it is convenient to divide the one hundred and twenty years which succeeded the Restoration into three equal parts. Each of these is dominated by one figure of far greater intellectual prestige than any other of the same period. No one will question that the first of these is the generation of Dryden nor the last that of Johnson. It may not perhaps be quite so readily conceded that the age of Anne lay under the tyranny of Swift. It will, however, be found, I think, upon close examination that neither Pope nor Addison has an equal claim to be considered the centre of the action or the hero of the story. They wrote with consummate skill, but Swift it was who laid the torch to the standing-corn of thought; his was the irradiating, the Promethean mind from 1700 to 1740, and his the force of character, the thrill of personal genius, that rivets to itself the main attention of students throughout that brilliant period.

The age of Dryden was the most prosaic in our literary history. In its course theology, philosophy, even poetry itself, were chained either to common sense, or to a ranting rapture which dispensed with literary sincerity, and was, in fact, more prosaic than all prose. What mainly flourished under the strong leaden sceptre of Dryden was satire, in new and stringent forms; artificial comedy, brutal at first, and harsh, but polished at length to the last extremity of cynical elegance; burlesque verses, very smart and modern, which passed for poetry; the political pamphlet; the clear, limpid art of the letter-writer, modelled, through Roger L'Estrange, on the directness

of the *Lettres Portugaises;* the sincere, naked thought of Locke, with its dislike of ornament and carelessness of authority; the first grotesque babble of modern criticism; the dryness of the polemical divines; and over it all, covering its defects as with a garment, the new graces of the competent current prose of the day. This is the vestibule of the eighteenth century, and across its very threshold the rich brocaded wit of Congreve takes hands with the urbanity and grace of Addison.

The age of Swift is fuller of intellectual activity, more genial, more varied, more enthusiastic. The coldest period is over, and already a faint flush of the summer of romanticism is discoverable. This fuller life takes many forms. In philosophy the age is no longer content with the bald presentment of Locke's ideas, but, with something less of positive originality, calls to its aid the fancy and ingenuity of Shaftesbury, the brilliant imagination of Berkeley. In poetry, though the general type is artificial still, there is no longer the protracted cultivation of one form; satire takes urbaner and less brutal shapes, and, half way through the period, the landscape poets push in with their blank verse, and the lyrists with their octosyllabics. The drama somewhat abruptly expires, and while the nation is waiting for the development of the novel, Addison holds its ear with the humor and dainty sentiment of his essays. A delicate amenity, a sweetness of expression marks the age of Anne; and even the ferocities of Swift and Mandeville do not belie this general impression of increasing civilization of the mind, since the very wounds inflicted by these writers show the tenderness of the contemporary epidermis. Such satire would not have penetrated a generation grown pachydermatous under the flail of Oldham or Lord Dorset. There was a rapid development of the power of ridicule by prose and verse, a general sharpening and pointing of every literary weapon, and it was in this age of Swift that English prose reached its maximum of strength, elegance, and elasticity combined.

Something was again relinquished in the third period, that of Johnson. Here, to secure more strength, needless weight was superadded to language; elasticity was lost in a harmony too mechanically studied. What was really best in this third age was directly recovered from the early Anne writers, as Goldsmith, its best author, is seen returning to the traditions of Addison and Congreve. The main contribution of this period to literature is the novel, which opens with *Pamela* in its first year, 1741. Before the generation

closed, the earliest development of fiction was over and the novel in decline. In verse, what was not imitative of the old schools was suggestive of what did not come till the next century began. On one hand we have Goldsmith, Johnson, and Churchill reviving the manner of Pope; on the other we have Gray and Collins in their odes, and Chatterton in his verse-romances, prophesying of Coleridge and Shelley. Everywhere during this third period the buried and forgotten seeds of romantic fancy were becoming stimulated, and were pushing their shoots above ground in a Percy's *Reliques*, in a *Castle of Otranto*, in a *Descent of Odin*. Meanwhile, what was mainly visible to the public was the figure of Dr. Samuel Johnson, a sesquipedalian dictator, not writing very much or in a superlatively excellent manner, but talking publicly, or semi-publicly, in a style hitherto unprecedented, and laying down the law on all subjects whatever. Around this great man collects whatever there is of normal genius in the generation—Goldsmith and Burke, Gibbon and Reynolds, Boswell and Garrick—and a group is formed, to the student of personal manners the most interesting that literary history can supply. So rich is the age in anecdote, so great in critical prestige, that the student must look closely and carefully to perceive that it is rapidly declining in intellectual force of every kind, and by 1780 is only waiting for the decease of two or three old men to sink completely into a condition of general mediocrity. When Doctor Johnson dies, the literature of the eighteenth century is practically closed, and the work of removing the débris to prepare for the nineteenth begins.

A rough criterion of the vitality of English literature in the eighteenth century may be gained by seeing at what points it was able to influence foreign literatures, and at what points it was influenced by the latter. The old theory that the whole business of the hardening and de-romanticizing of English poetry came from France is now exploded. It has been shown beyond dispute that Waller was, at least, as early in the field as Malherbe. But the artificial verse-product was never thoroughly at home in England, and at one moment only, in the hands of Pope, was able to lay down a tradition for Europe. It is a proof of the force of Pope's art that, while Dryden remained, and still remains, a mere name on the continent of Europe, Pope has direct followers and imitators among the leading poets of Germany, Italy, Sweden, and even Holland. Thomson had the good fortune to be imitated also, and to found a sort of French school, of

which Saint-Lambert is the most prominent member. Pope might be said to owe much to Boileau, and his influence to be therefore continental in a second degree; but whatever the author of *The Seasons* might give to Europe was wholly our own.

Yet far more important than any foreign influence from English verse was the stimulus given abroad by the English novel. Here again it was a Frenchman, Lesage, who first started the modernization of the Spanish story of adventure, and so prepared the way for Fielding and Smollett, while another, Marivaux, may possibly have had some slight effect on the manner of Richardson. But the French critics immediately received the first great English novels with enthusiasm, and acknowledged them to be, in almost every respect, far superior to their own. This admiration for *Tom Jones* and *Clarissa* being admitted, it is strange that Crébillon, rather than Richardson or Fielding, continued to be imitated in France almost to the end of the century; but the influence of the English novel abroad, although suffused, was manifested in many ways before the age of Rousseau, and is to be considered as perhaps the most vivid which our purely eighteenth-century literature exercised on the continent of Europe. In history, also, the preëminence of the English writers made itself felt during the last years of our period. The French and Italians excelled already in memoir-writing and in the compilation of historical essays, but it was not until they had comprehended what Hume and Gibbon had done, that they realized the true function of history. It may perhaps be maintained that the *Decline and Fall* was the most epoch-making work of the English eighteenth century as regards the entire literature of Europe.

In speaking of the direct influence of English literature in the eighteenth century upon foreign nations, there are three names which naturally recur to the memory, those of Montesquieu, Lessing, and Rousseau. The famous *Esprit des Lois*, published in 1748, contains a glowing panegyric of the principles of the English Constitution, and one which could only have been written by a man permeated by the ideas of Locke. Montesquieu knew this country well, and he paid it the compliment of saying, "*L'Angleterre est faite pour y penser.*" When he returned to La Brède, in 1731, his leisure was divided between his English garden and his English books. Nevertheless, the traces of the study of English literature on his style are insignificant, and Montesquieu is rather the master of Hume and Burke than the pupil of Locke. Lessing was deeply read in English drama

and essay of the Orange and Anne periods, and was the first continental critic to admit the full greatness of our literature. Voltaire, to a less degree, exercised a similar critical spirit, but it was Rousseau in whom the Anglicizing influence abroad culminated. Rousseau borrowed from England on all sides, from Hobbes and the deists, from Locke and the political philosophers, from Clarke and from Richardson, taking whatever he needed, in substance or in form, and throwing it indiscriminately into the fiery crucible of his genius. This fascinating and perilous theme might easily be pursued too far, especially where the expression of literary work rather than its substance is under review; but while we speak of Rousseau as owning, as a novelist, the sway of Richardson, we must not fail to remember that the same is true of Marmontel and of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, while Goethe no less has acknowledged the debt of all the German novelists to Goldsmith and Fielding.

As far as the novel is concerned, we cannot be surprised at the attention excited on the Continent by this branch of English literature in the eighteenth century. When the period we are considering begins, the ablest exercise of English fiction current was the *Parthenissa* of Roger Boyle, a weak imitation of the Scudéry romances; when it closes, *Evelina* is the novel of the hour, and a great school of original prose narrative has adorned the intervening years. Between Boyle and Miss Burney there lies the monument of a vast literary reform, in some respects the most important which the eighteenth century achieved. This reform, which swept away the pinchbeck heroism that was so ridiculous in that singularly unheroic age, which dethroned from fiction the vague worship of rank and substituted a spirit of minute and realistic observation of life and character, had its first exponent in Defoe, who returned, nevertheless, to the *picaresque* tradition, and moved in a world of brigands and bandits which was not entirely genuine. It was much to have got rid of Almahide and Almanzor, but it was necessary to dismiss the cynical pirates of Defoe's lesser romances, also, in order to clear the field for perfectly sincere and genuine fiction. The *Gil Blas* of Lesage was an inspiration and a snare to English novelists, who were more healthily, but much less keenly, stimulated by the *Roman Bourgeois* of Furetière. The transition between the harsh, direct narrative of Defoe, without sympathy or insight, and the tender, penetrating fiction of Richardson, is to be found in the urbane essays of Addison and Steele.

So untended was the field of prose narrative in England that a

ploughshare was needed to break up the fertile but unready soil, and this instrument was provided by the genius of Defoe, with its clearness of vision, justice of observation, and facility of superficial analysis. But Defoe, that interesting and most difficult of intellectual problems, was too much a creation of his age, was too completely the outcome of a blunt and unsympathetic generation, to comprehend that touch of enthusiasm without which the English novel could not flourish. We see, accordingly, that, twenty years after *Robinson Crusoe* had shown Englishmen what to demand, in a story which, in certain qualities of narrative, would never be excelled, the English novel seemed, nevertheless, as far as ever from coming to the birth. It is the absence of a recognition of this fact which impairs one of the most valuable contributions of recent criticism on the development of the European novel, the *Réforme Littéraire de Defoe*, by M. Jusserand. It is not enough to show what marvels Defoe performed; the picture gives a false impression, unless what Defoe could not perform be also insisted upon.

It was in the fulness of time, when the drama had totally deceased, when the essay of the age of Anne was also in complete decline, when new airs were beginning to blow from the land of romance, when Thomson's landscape and Young's funereal mystery, the starry speculation of Berkeley and the daring imagination of Swift had prepared men's minds for what was less mundane, less superficial than the observation of material facts, that the novel of feeling began to take its place. It was welcomed from the very first. So weak and faulty a book as *Pamela* must be confessed to be awakened instant and universal enthusiasm, and all mistakes of execution were forgotten in the European acclamation which hailed Richardson as a great creative talent. It was fortunate for our literature that he was immediately succeeded and accompanied by a man of genius still greater than his own; and these two, Fielding and Richardson, remain after a century-and-a-half, in spite of the immense cultivation of the novel, acknowledged masters as well as founders of this vast branch of literature, not superseded and scarcely surpassed by the Scotts and Dumas, the Thackerays and Tolstoïs, the race of giant novelists that have sprung from their loins.

Scarcely less rich or less influential was the chain of metaphysical, or at least philosophical, literature which flourished in England throughout the eighteenth century. But here it seems necessary, in dealing with literature alone, to guard against the obvious manner of

observing this group of writers, namely, as a sequence. Berkeley succeeds to Locke, Mandeville to Hobbes, Butler to Shaftesbury, and the student is almost certain to be led away from a consideration of the contributions of these writers to style, into an inquiry into their intellectual relation one to another. We must return to our opening reservation, and remind ourselves that what is written, what is contributed to thought, is not valuable in literature in proportion to its intellectual quality. From the point of view of the philosopher, Berkeley owes his existence to Locke, and is a planet of considerably lesser magnitude, if not absolutely a satellite. From the point of view of style, Berkeley is totally distinct, is divided by a chasm, from Locke, and is a very great, as distinguished from a perfectly ordinary and mediocre, writer.

Taking this stand-point, the most influential philosopher of the first half of the century is Shaftesbury. No one will ever again contend that this unequal writer owed this influence wholly to his merits, or will quarrel with Brown for saying that, in the *Characteristics*, Shaftesbury "hath mingled beauties and blots, faults and excellencies with a liberal and unsparing hand." But with all its faults, with all its absurdities, the manner of Shaftesbury was stimulating and inflaming to a remarkable degree, and for one eighteenth-century writer who was affected by the noble simplicity of Berkeley, there were a dozen who imitated the ingenuities, the subtle fancies, the curious æsthetic warmth of Shaftesbury. It was not in this country only that the *Characteristics* affected thought and expression. Diderot and Voltaire, in France, Herder, Lessing and Wieland, in Germany, are only the most illustrious of the direct disciples of "the Virtuoso of Humanity." Much of the admiration of these foreign writers was directed, of course, to Shaftesbury's ethical system; but his style also affected them vividly, and no English metaphysical writer of the eighteenth century has left so strong a mark on European expression.

It is not to deny merit to Shaftesbury to assert that, on the whole, this effect of his upon style was wholly deleterious. He wrote with great care, but with an eagerness to attain grace which was only partially successful, and which, when not successful, gives an impression of strange affectation. Under this quaint air of the fine gentleman, he moves briskly and clearly, and those who felt his charm hastened to imitate his insipidities and oddities. It is Shaftesbury above all other men to whom the guilt must be brought home of having fostered and legitimatized those vague and trite generalities, those

empty and ornate forms of expression, those rotund commonplaces, which are so distressing to a modern reader of eighteenth-century literature, and constitute its worst blot. Nor does the propriety of this charge exclude the other, but less material, fact that the writings of Shaftesbury abound, to a degree now but very rarely acknowledged, in passages of genuine and rare beauty. The main circumstance is that Shaftesbury, for some reason which it would be difficult to define, although a second-rate thinker and not a first-rate writer, stamped a caricature of his individuality on the style of the succeeding half-century.

It would take us too far, and would, on the whole, lie outside the limits of the particular questions now under consideration, to discuss the relations of the great English and French economists of the centre of the eighteenth century. Although what Adam Smith owed to Quesnoy and to Gournay, what Turgot owed to Hutcheson and to Adam Smith, was very considerable, and although such facts as the appearance of the tract, *Sur la Formation et la Distribution des Richesses*, ten years before the publication of *The Wealth of Nations*, are most interesting in themselves, neither has any distinct relation to the history of style.

We are on safer ground when we turn from the influence exercised on foreign literature by English writing to the reverse action. The English language was, as a rule, so imperfectly understood on the continent of Europe, and French was so completely the tongue of travelling Englishmen, that what was borrowed from English thought was apt to be taken through the medium of translation. When the century was already half through, such men as Gibbon and Hume were glad to make French the vehicle for their ideas; there is perhaps no other instance than Delolme of the opposite practice, and Delolme was a Swiss. Hence, in the politer and more precise departments of literature, where matter counted for less, and manner more, there was much more apt to be French influence at work in England than English influence at work in France. We see this French spirit active mainly in three principal fields, which may now be examined in some detail. They are non-dramatic poetry, drama, and literary criticism.

In a general survey of English poetry from 1660 to 1780, the first thing that strikes us is that, without ceasing to be either popular or abundant, poetic work has become, and remains to the close of the eighteenth century, subordinated to prose, and of a second order of interest. This was a new thing. Until the end of the sixteenth

century literature in England, broadly speaking, was in verse, and we chronicle its fluctuations without special regard to anything but the quality of this kind of writing. With the Elizabethan period, prose begins to take a very great prominence, and to claim a large place in the history of English style; this place, however, until the Commonwealth, is decidedly subordinated to that occupied by verse. Shakspere is, on the whole, a more luminous figure than Bacon, and Spenser than Hooker, while, if we go further down in the ranks, the superiority of the poets becomes more and more obvious. We may take an image from the light-house service. The Elizabethan poets carry white lights, the prose-men carry red ones, and as we recede from them all the red rays do not seem to penetrate so far as the white ones. But with the Restoration this state of things ceases; the art of verse becomes monotonous and mechanical, the prose-writers assert themselves more, are brighter, more various, and more entertaining, and though the poets are slow to lose their personal prestige, the poetic art is no longer paramount. If Dryden dominates the first age, he was a great prosaist as well as a great poet; Swift, though a hardy rhymester, does not live among the poets at all, and Johnson is only admitted by personal favor, on the credit of two paraphrases of Juvenal, among the ranks of those who put on singing raiment. Verse is very active and prominent throughout the eighteenth century, but it plays the part of Mascarille in the comedy of literature. It is no longer the master, but the entertaining and irrepressible domestic, of the imagination.

The eccentricity and lawlessness of seventeenth-century poetry are now recognized even by those who exaggerate its qualities of simplicity, naïveté, and nobility. The necessary reaction which followed the lyrics of Quarles, the epics of the Fletchers, the tragedies of Goff and Cartwright, stranded English poetry high and dry upon the shore of common sense. Where invention had been strained into monstrosity, a decent sterility of imagination began to reign, and a generation of readers whose taste had been positively tortured enjoyed a complete respite from enthusiasm, familiarity, and surprise. In Dryden the English nation found the best possible leader of the chorus for a condition of things so peculiar. The poetic genius of this man was eminently robust and unromantic; sustained at a considerable, but never at a transcendental, height, his shoulders were broad enough and his patience great enough to support the poetry of his country through a period of forty years, when all that

was most essential was that after so many violent oscillations the tradition of verse should for one whole generation be unruffled, and that nothing should be done to destroy the hold which poetry still contrived to maintain, wounded and shaken as it had been, on the respect of men of average intelligence. In order to do this it was necessary to secure a strong popular poet of little invention, indisposed to formal experiment of any kind, more desirous to accompany public taste than to lead it, and such a poet the Restoration revealed in the panegyrist of the *Coronation*. When the entire generation had passed away, the same voice was heard, merely mellowed to a deeper cadence, in the nervous couplets of *Cymon and Iphigenia*. The long dictatorship of Dryden, uninspiring as it seems in various superficial degrees, ought to be regarded with gratitude by every lover of English. Had Dryden been other than he was, or had his life been cut off in early manhood, it is difficult to see what could have prevented our brilliant national poetry from sinking into fantastic ruin, and expiring in a sort of frenzied Gongarism.

Until near the close of the seventeenth century, the direct influence of France upon our poetry is rather surmised than discovered. So far as we can prove its existence, it seems to have been the result of the reading of the French critics rather than of the French poets. Malherbe, it might be supposed, would affect English style, but there seems no evidence that the very name of the Norman reformer had crossed the Channel. Voiture was read, and to some extent imitated; the *vers de société* of this elegant master were distinctly beneficial to the humorous versifiers of the Revolution and of the Orange period, and through Oldham and Prior the lighter poetry of our own age claims direct descent from the band who fought around the *Uranie* sonnet. The narrative style of Dryden, perhaps, and of the English poets of the age of Anne, certainly, was strengthened by a study of the *Contes* and *Fables* of Lafontaine. In Parnell we at last reach an English poet who can manage the mechanism of a *conte* as well as the most skilful Frenchman. The workmanship of the heroic couplet was probably affected—but on this subject it is most dangerous to dogmatize—not so much by French narrative-poetry, as by the alexandrines of Corneille and Molière. Probably what had more effect on the Royalist poets than all the practice of versemen and the dogmas of the critics, was the regular fall of the distich on their ears when they went to see a tragedy or a comedy in Paris before the Restoration.

After 1700, the relation between English and French poetry, though still far from intimate, becomes closer and more definite. St. Evremond in London and Maynwaring in Paris brought the two literary worlds nearer in contact. The story of Maynwaring's visits to the aged Boileau, who, when Dryden died, was glad to be assured that England had possessed a poet, gives us the earliest distinct evidence of the looking to Paris for poetical encouragement. Boileau, thenceforward, though often disrespectfully used in this country, becomes a kind of dictator of taste to English poets, until in 1711 the sceptre seems to descend again to an Englishman, to Pope. In the succeeding generation there is no talk over here of the clever artificial work of the school of Boileau, and Voltaire presently proceeds to London in the same spirit which took Maynwaring to Paris. The result of all this relation, when closely studied, is to persuade us that what is so similar in the English and French poetry of the eighteenth century is mainly an accidental parallelism or a likeness due to simultaneous action of similar intellectual forces, and not to be accounted for by any very definite discipleship on one hand or on the other. What is very odd is the similarity in phrase, in color, in the adoption of tricks and fripperies almost exactly identical, the apparent deliberation with which a basis of style is prepared, upon which, at the appointed hour, either an André Chenier or a Wordsworth, a Keats or a Victor Hugo, may build his romantic structure.

From the age of Anne onward the sole object of interest, to the student of broad effects, is the gradual development, as from a grain of mustard-seed, of the mighty tree of naturalism. The prosaic poetry of rhetoric which stands, like the cathedral of Chartres, with its two great towers, the one solid and majestic, the other a miracle of grace and lightness, is an object of definite critical interest. But when we pass Dryden and Pope, we reach a long stretch of country where no poetical structure of complex significance meets us until we arrive at the temple of Wordsworth and Coleridge. During the sixty years which intervene, much was done of a beautiful and accomplished character, but the interest of it is either confined to its relation with the past or to its intuition of the future. The verse of Goldsmith and Churchill has to be considered in the light of Pope, that of Gray and Cowper in the light of Coleridge; all the tract between 1740 and 1800 is covered with accidental, diffused, and tentative work in verse, the work of a period virtually preserved from anarchy only by its lack of animation.

The conditions of drama during the period we are considering were, in some degree, analogous to, but much more extraordinary than those of non-dramatic poetry. Between 1660 and 1700 the English stage cannot be called sterile or inanimate, nor was it supported only by the prestige of a single man. Both in its tragic and its comic department it was crowded with figures, enjoyed a lively professional existence which was also literary, and produced a body of work which is very large in quantity and not despicable in quality. The dramatic literature of the Restoration is an important fragment of the literature of this country, and if it contains but two names, those of Congreve and Otway, which are in the first rank, it boasts a whole galaxy of the second and third. Tragedy had the marks of decrepitude upon it, but it was alive until the days of Southerne; sentiment, character, passion, though all clouded by a prevailing insincerity of style, were present. A gulf divides such a drama as Crowne's *Thyestes* from *Douglas* or the *Revenge*, a gulf on the earlier side of which are all the traditions of poetry and literature. Of comedy there is still more to be said. To Etheredge belongs a merit above that of any other poet of the age, that of introducing into England a new and vigorous form of imaginative art. Needless to say that this was the Comedy of Manners, sweeping away the old decayed Comedy of Humours, and giving us in its place something of Molière's love of truth and penetration of character. Through Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, this school rose to proportions genuinely considerable; but from the first the English stage, unable to perceive the charm of the purity of French comedy, had defiled our scenes with a cynicism that grew to be intolerable, and English comedy of manners fell before an incursion of indignant Puritanism. This fall of comedy is an extraordinary phenomenon. In 1699 England possessed the most vigorous and vivacious school of comic dramatists in Europe; ten years later the chorus was absolutely silenced, or vocal only in the feeble pipe of Colley Cibber. Through the remaining years of the eighteenth century, dramatic vitality was accidental and sporadic; a good play appeared from time to time, but there was no school of dramatic literature, no school of capable literary writers for the stage.

Some hints of the modern drama, pure and simple, are to be met with in writers who scarcely demand a word from the historian for their personal merits. A Moorgate jeweller, George Lillo, amused the town with some perfectly unreadable plays, principally *George*

*Barnwell* and *The Fatal Curiosity*, which are interesting as the first specimens of "*tragedie bourgeoise*" or modern melodrama. These artless dramas were composed in the interests of morality and virtue, and are the parents of a long line of didactic plays of crime and its punishment. Of somewhat the same character were the sentimental comedies, imitated from the "*comédies larmoyantes*" of La Chaussée. There were various other innovations, mostly of a non-literary or anti-literary kind, such as the introduction of popular opera early in the reign of Anne, and the fashion for pantomimic drama which came in some forty years later. All tended to sever more and more completely the marriage between literature and the theatre, and to destroy that art of drama which had existed until the close of the seventeenth century. The four or five best plays of the eighteenth century are comedies in which Goldsmith, Colman, and Sheridan have deliberately gone back to the Congreve and Wycherley tradition, and have resumed, with the reprehensible elements omitted, the style and method of the great comedians of manners. But these are exceptions, and only enough to prove the rule of dramatic insignificance in England from 1700 onward.

Too little attention has been given to the growth of literary criticism in England. It begins, so far as a modern conception of the critical faculty is concerned, with the Restoration and in the famous prefaces of Dryden. Before this what passed for criticism had been the pseudo-philosophical reflections of rhetoricians. The first professional criticism in England, if we ignore the dissertations of Dryden, was that introduced about 1675 from France, where the Jesuit critics, Le Bossu and Rapin, began to formularize and adapt to modern poetry the rules of Aristotle. These rules were soon adopted in this country, particularly by a writer, Thomas Rymer, who made himself highly ridiculous by using them as a standard by which to measure and condemn Shakspere and Fletcher. These Jesuit critics, by no means wanting in wit, knowledge, or even, in the case of Rapin, taste, were more fitted to deal with French literature than English. They were ready cheerfully to undertake to shut up all individual inspiration within limits which they rigorously defined, and they were only serviceable so long as men were passing through that curious condition of craving for order and regularity.

In John Dennis, a writer to whom great injustice has been and still is done, a critic appeared who, with great faults of temper, had a far higher idea than Rapin or Rymer, or even Dryden, of certain

classes of poetic work. The praise is due to Dennis of having been the first to dwell judicially on the sublime merits of Milton, and to give him his right place among the poets of the world. Literary criticism, by which was principally meant the analysis of poetry and the poetic art, received further contributions from Shaftesbury and Addison. As the century proceeded, more and more was attempted in this direction, until it may be said that critical analysis began to take a part in general literature which was unwholesomely prominent. Some parts of the work of men like Lord Kames and Hurd is good and readable as literature, though not very useful as criticism; most of it is deliberately to be condemned as empirical, dull, and preposterous, and as leaving out of discussion the only elements worthy of being included. The criticism of Matthew Arnold or Sainte Beuve is not a development of such criticism as that of Hurd; it is something wholly different in kind, starting from another basis and aiming at another goal. To the comparative student a few words which Gray has scattered here and there in his prose, and some sturdy positive pages in Doctor Johnson, comprise all of literary criticism which is really noteworthy after the age of Anne is over. In Dennis and Addison criticism possessed something of the personal accent, and faintly suggested a *causerie*. But this was soon lost in the pretentiousness of a false philosophy, and criticism ceases to be the expression of genuine individuality.

The place of theology in eighteenth-century literature, properly so called, has been greatly exaggerated. The importance of theology in the vicissitudes of thought during the same period could hardly be overrated. The progress of independent speculation, whether tending toward skepticism as in the deists, or toward a closer puritanism as in the Methodists, or toward the more conservative reaction of the Evangelicals, is of great historical interest. But a florid page of Jeremy Taylor gives a critic of style more to talk about than all Toland's tracts or Whitefield's sermons. Berridge's *Christian World Unmasked*, which just comes within our period, is a typical instance of divinity produced solely to rouse the conscience and excite the belief in a supernatural creed, without a single appeal, in the turn of a sentence or the choice of a word, to any other purpose. With such a writer all the charms of intellectual expression were so many narcotics provided to dull the soul's sense of its awful condition. With the deists, with those curious Chubbs and Annets and Collinses who wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins

under George I., and whose scattered leaves have been so tenderly examined by Mr. Leslie Stephen, with these, also, the substance was everything and the form nothing, except when, like Shaftesbury and Conyers Middleton, they rose upon a politer sphere, and only hinted their deism incidentally. Needless to add that the same spirit, so inimical to literature, actuated those orthodox divines who denounced these dry and uninspired opponents.

It became no better when the rage for speculation died away, and calm fell upon the theologians. The rationalism of the English Church after 1750 gave no encouragement to enthusiasm or imagination; it even kept in check what had inspired a good deal of seventeenth-century Church literature, personal oddity. The principal representative of this late class of theologian is Paley, who summed up the dry and almost mathematical manner of his age when it had nearly closed. The *Horæ Paulinæ*, it is true, did not appear until 1790, but Paley may very well be taken as characteristic of the theological style of the forty years preceding, and between Paley's literary form and the sapless legal style of Clarke, in the age of Anne, there is so little difference that we are tempted to regard these two as typical of their respective groups. If, then, we can say that in the generation of Swift leading theologians wrote like Clarke, and in the age of Burke like Paley, we are almost justified by that very circumstance in conjecturing that the contributions of eighteenth-century divinity to literature are so small that they are hardly worth considering. Among all the divines, the one who wrote most vigorously is perhaps that very ingenious and powerful Tertullian of the dissenters, William Law.

The student will not omit to note as one of the interesting features of the eighteenth century, the school of history which arose in England toward the end of the reign of George II. History at its best had been what Lamb, with an intention wholly laudatory, calls the chronicles of Burnet, "good old prattle," garrulous and pleasant. Early in the century, the laborious compilations of Strype, Carte, and Echard, which were innocent of any general horizon, of any clear or correct view of the relation of one part of history to another, were accepted as contributions to the science. Rapin's *History of England* and Rollin's *Ancient History*, which were well known in England, aimed somewhat higher, but no other French historian, before Voltaire, had any influence in this country; and when the new school made its appearance, it was of purely

English growth. The year 1754, in which Hume printed the first volume of his *History of England*, is the date of the burgeoning of English history; it came to its full greatness in 1776, with the publication of the first volume of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.* The sudden efflorescence of this school of historians, with Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson at its head, may be not too fantastically compared with that of the first great generation of novelists, who began to appear twelve years prior to Hume, and who sustained their glory about as long as the historians did. After Gibbon's death there occurred a period of relapse analogous to that which succeeded the death of Smollett.

The condition of England had, since late in the Renaissance, afforded no general opportunities for the cultivation of purely provincial literature until the eighteenth century began. The existence of work in dialects or inspired by provincial feeling became from that time forth too evident to be overlooked. But it is the revival of letters in Scotland which is likely first of all to attract the notice of a student, and it is the more necessary to dwell on this because that revival, although more important than any other of its class, was at first so imitative, and remained so feeble until near the end of the century, that it may easily be lost sight of in the glare of English literature. There went on a curious struggle between pure Scots and classic English—men who, as Ramsay of Ochtertyre puts it, "spoke their mother-tongue without disguise," finding it exceedingly difficult to suppress their native idiom when they came to emulate the *Spectator* or the *Tatler*. The worst of it was that the Scots' tongue was looked upon as rude and contemptible, and for a long time even the preachings and the practice of Allan Ramsay did not contrive to make the dialect fashionable. The revival of popular poetry came at last, and culminated splendidly in Burns. The use of Scotch prose, except by the novelists in dialogue, has never been seriously accepted, and probably never will be. Toward the close of the eighteenth century America began to supply herself with a species of literature, which, however, gave at first but little promise of all she has done within the last hundred years. By far the most eminent of the early American writers was Franklin, whose works, first collected in 1779, only just come within our chronological limits. Franklin's style is notoriously graceful and charming, but he is almost the only American writer before the Independence who can be named with the recognized masters of eighteenth-century

English. It is curious to reflect that in 1780, a date which to the historian of English literature seems late indeed, neither Washington Irving nor Bryant, neither the father of American prose nor the father of American poetry, was yet born.

This so-called classic age of ours has long ceased to be regarded with that complacency which led the most flourishing part of it to adopt the epithet "Augustan." It will scarcely be denied by its greatest admirer, if he be a man of wide reading, that it cannot be ranked with the poorest of the five great ages of literature. Deficient in the highest intellectual beauty, in the qualities which awaken the fullest critical enthusiasm, the eighteenth century will be enjoyed more thoroughly by those who make it their special study than by those who skim the entire surface of literature. It has, although on the grand scale condemned as second-rate, a remarkable fulness and sustained richness which endear it to specialists. If it be compared, for instance, with the real Augustan age in Rome, or with the Spanish period of literary supremacy, it may claim to hold its own against these rivals in spite of their superior rank, because of its more copious interest. If it has neither a Horace nor a Calderon, it has a great extent and variety of writers just below these in merit, and far more numerous than what Rome or Spain can show during those blossoming periods. It is, moreover, fertile at far more points than either of these schools. This sustained and variegated success, at a comparatively low level of effort, strikes one as characteristic of an age more remarkable for persistent vitality than for rapid and brilliant growth. The Elizabethan *vivida vis* is absent, the Georgian glow has not yet dawned, but there is a suffused prosaic light of intelligence, of cultivated form, over the whole picture, and during the first half of the period, at least, this is bright enough to be very attractive.

Perhaps, in closing, the distinguishing mark of eighteenth-century literature may be indicated as its mastery of prose as a vehicle for general thought. It is customary to note the Restoration as marking the point where English prose took a modern form. This is true, but there was nevertheless much left to reform in the practice of authors. At the close of the reign of Charles II., we find the most accomplished prose-writer of the age still encumbering himself in the toils of such sentences as this:

"That which is not pleasant to me, may be to others who judge better, and to prevent an accusation from my enemies, I am sometimes ready to imagine

that my disgust of low comedy proceeds not so much from my judgment as from my temper, which is the reason why I so seldom write it, and that when I succeed in it, I mean so far as to please the audience, yet I am nothing satisfied with what I have done, but am often vexed to hear the people laugh and clap, as they perpetually do, where I intended them no jest, while they let pass the better things, without taking notice of them."

A hundred years later, such a sentence had become an impossibility. It is not merely that we should search Burke or Robertson in vain, at their weariest moments, for such a flaccid chain of clauses, but that the ordinary newspaper-man, the reporter or inventor of last night's speeches, would no longer endure this clumsy form, this separation of the noun from its verb, and the pronoun from its noun. It was the work of the period which we roughly describe as the eighteenth century to reform and regulate ordinary writing. It found English prose antiquated, amorphous, without a standard of form; it left it a finished thing, the completed body for which subsequent ages could do no more than weave successive robes of ornament and fashion.

EDMUND GOSSE.

# EGYPTIAN SOULS AND THEIR WORLDS.

When we study old Egyptian books, we find in them a number of words which seem to apply to the human soul and to the places in which human souls were allowed to dwell after death. Posthumous humanity is said to be here a *ka*, there a *baï* or a *khou*, all of which names sound strange and barbaric enough; its abode is, according to some, even the tomb where the body lies buried, according to others a country far away to the West, the *Amentit*, the *Rostaou*, the fields of *Iarou*, the fields of Offerings, the *Augrit*, the hidden part of the world which the Sun-god went through during the night. Egypt flourished thousands of years before its religion was superseded by Christianity—no wonder its wise men had more than once to alter the beliefs their ancestors had entertained about death and the future state.

The oldest form they attributed to the soul, at least the oldest we know, was that of a shadow. Now there are shadows of two different kinds, dark shadows such as are projected by the body upon a wall, clear shadows such as we see reflected in water or upon the polished surface of metal or wood. The Egyptians had outlived the idea of the soul being a dark shadow at the time they wrote their Rituals for the dead; the dark shadows (*khaïbit*) which we meet in their books are no independent beings, but always cling to the material part of the soul in the other world as they cling to the physical body in this. The clear shadows were called *ka* or doubles, and were sometimes pictured upon the monuments. They were the exact counterpart of the man to whom they belonged, with the same features, the same stature, the same gait, even the same dress. Some of the reliefs in one of the rooms of the temple at Luxor represent the birth of King Amenhotpou III. While the queen-mother is being tended by two goddesses acting as midwives, two goddesses more are bringing away two figures of new-born children, only one of which is supposed to be a visible and tangible reality: the inscription engraved above their heads shows that, while the first is Amenhotpou, the second one is the double, the *ka* of Amenhotpou. As with kings and queens, so it was with common men and women.

Wherever a child was born, there was born with him a double which followed him through the various stages of life; young while he was young, it came to maturity and declined when he came to maturity and declined. And not only human beings, but gods and animals, stones and trees, natural and artificial objects, everybody and everything had its own double—the doubles of oxen or sheep were the duplicates of the original oxen or sheep, the doubles of linen or beds, of chairs or knives retained the same appearance as the real linen and beds, chairs and knives. The component particles of all these doubles were so minute and subtle in their texture, that they were imperceptible to ordinary people. Only certain classes of priests or seers were enabled by a natural gift or special training to perceive the doubles of the gods and to obtain from them a knowledge of past or future events. The doubles of men or objects remained hidden to sight in the ordinary course of life; still, they sometimes flew out of the body, endowed with color and voice, left it in a kind of sleep, and went away to manifest themselves at a distance after the manner of modern ghosts. After death, they maintained not only the characteristics of the particular man they had been while in the flesh, but were subjected to the common wants of humanity, to hunger and thirst, to heat and cold, to illness and pain, with the aggravation that, whereas the living have ways and means of protecting themselves against all the evils which befall them, the dead are utterly destitute. If left to themselves, they had to roam about the places they had inhabited and feed upon the refuse of houses, with the certainty of dying out after prolonging their miserable existence for a short time. If properly attended to, they had a fair chance, I cannot say to become immortal—immortality was not a primitive notion in Egypt—but to continue living on and on so long that it would seem almost an immortality to people who believed in doubles for their souls.

Given the definition of what survived in man, the practical consequences of it are easily drawn. Since the double was a perfect image of the being to which it had been linked at birth, what more natural than that it should remain near where the corpse lay and participate in its destinies. Having grown with it, it ought to decay with it gradually, so that the natural term of its existence after burial might be measured by the time it takes the human frame to disintegrate completely. Therefore, the best means of stopping the decomposition of the soul was to stop the decomposition of the

flesh, and to this we owe probably the practice of embalming. The drying up and hardening of the mummy enabled it to last centuries, during which it served as a kind of stay for its former double. Still, mummies cannot keep on subsisting forever; even if not destroyed by man and beast, or dissolved by rain and heat, a time arrives when they must fade and wear out, and then what would become of the double? The only way the Egyptians found out of this difficulty was to provide it with stone or wooden bodies against the possibility of the mummy mouldering away. Most of the statues we discover in a tomb were only bodies for the double of the man who was buried in it. To prevent them from being broken to pieces or carried away they walled them up in dark cells. Some are standing, some sitting, some squatting; all were as like the model as art could make them, that the soul might more easily adapt itself to them. There was no limit to their number but the piety of the children and the wealth of the family; the more numerous they were, the better it was for the dead. One statue was, after all, only one chance of perpetuity: two, three, ten, twenty statues, gave the double so many chances more. What was true of the statues in the tombs, was true also of the statues in the temples, even when they represented kings or gods: the double of kings or gods, not the whole but a particle of it, was fixed upon them by prayers and consecration, and animated them. Thus it was that they were able to move head or arms, to answer questions which were put to them according to rite, to give forth oracles in private or public matters. Statues were not mere works of art, they were things alive, and are even to this day; only the double of old has turned into a *djinn* or an *afrite* in modern Egypt, and haunts, a bad spirit, the spot where it was revered ages ago, a saintly soul or a god. It is wont to frighten men out of their wits, to send them raving mad, and sometimes to kill them, but loses its power when the body of stone with which it consorts has been mutilated. That is the reason why so many statues in our museums display a broken nose or a battered cheek: the fellaheen who found them defaced them to lame the double in them and prevent it from doing any harm.

So much for the body of the double. The tomb was its *house everlasting*,—*pi rotou*,—a house with more or less rooms, some of which stood open to visitors, as the *mandara* of modern Egyptian houses. There the dead was presented with its first dinner, on the day of the funeral. While the priests, assisted by the son, intro-

duced the mummy to its vault, servants brought into the reception hall oxen and gazelles, geese and doves, fish, loaves, beer, wine, everything a man might need in those times to live comfortably. Bread, cakes of various kinds, vegetables, meat, both roasted and boiled, fresh water, milk, liquors, oil were thrown upon the ground near the sarcophagus; the friends and the members of the family took their part of all the good things which had been dished up for their host, players of the flute, the harp, or the guitar played for them, dancers and buffoons danced before them, until the night came when they went away leaving the double in possession of its new abode. The same ceremony was formally repeated several times a year, on days prescribed by law, "at the feast of the beginning of the seasons, at the feast of Thot, on the first day of the year, at the feast of Uaga, at the great feast of Sothis, on the day of the procession of the god Minou, at the feast of shew-bread, at the feasts of the months and half-months, at all the feasts of the Dead." Men who called themselves *honou-ka*—priests or slaves of the double—received wages to keep the tomb in order and to make the necessary sacrifices in due time. Pieces of lands, or rents imposed upon the domains of the family, were given to neighboring temples that the priests might come and perform the rites at stated times. The double was supposed at first to feed on what was left for it in the hall, upon a low, flat slab of limestone, granite, sandstone, or even terracotta, which Egyptologists are accustomed to term an offering-table; it came out of its own rooms and gnawed the bones or drank the wine. Its condition was, therefore, acceptable, as long as its living servants continued to provide for it; but a day must come, even for princes and kings, when, the generations of the dead accumulating, the doubles of past centuries were neglected for the benefit of more recent doubles. In order to supply them with the necessities of life, the Egyptians conceived the idea of representing on the walls of the open rooms in the tomb the offerings which used to be bodily consecrated on the feast days. The painted or carved image of things insured the reality of the same to the man on whose account they were executed; the double saw itself depicted upon the walls of its house in the act of eating and drinking, and he ate and drank. Prayers were added to the pictures, which strengthened their magical powers and even permitted the dead to dispense with them. The most frequent of these was in the form of an adoration to Osiris, Sokaris, Anubis, or to any of the gods; they were adjured to present

the double of such or such a man "with all the good things which heaven gives, which earth produces, and which the Nile brings out of its unknown retreat." Such was the process by which Egypt's theologians evolved from the notion of the double feeding upon material objects the conception of the double living upon figures of objects and formulas devoid of reality.

Thus far I have considered only the doctrine which made what remained of man a double, and that double settled forever near the place where the corpse had been buried. According to another creed, the soul was not attached to the tomb; it was obliged to leave the part of the world which had been prepared from the first for the reception of the living, and to go to regions which had been selected for the dead to dwell in, under the rule of special gods. These regions lay, most of them, in the direction of the sunset, whence their name of *Amentit*, the West, but some of them stretched, as we shall see, from North to East. It seems as if each nome of Egypt had had in the beginning its own country and god or goddess of the Dead; but they were superseded by Sokaris, Khontamentit, Osiris, Hathor, Anubis, and a few more, whose myths, originally distinct, were mixed up together in the course of time. Sokaris dwelt in the western parts of Middle and Lower Egypt, from Fayum to the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, and reigned over the Memphite dead. His kingdom—*To-Sokari*, the land of Sokaris, it was called,—was in the Libyan desert: dark passages, *staou*, which ran underground like the galleries of a mine, and the reunion of which was termed the grotto, *ammâhou*, or the divine quarry, *Khrinoutri*. The dwellers in this region were no mere doubles faithfully clinging to the corpse they had once animated. Some said they had the figure of a bird, a hawk with a human head, or a sort of crane, *baï*, for which reason the word crane, *ba*, became the common name of the souls. Others believed that they retained the human shape, and that they shone, *khou*, with a pale bluish light; hence people called them *khouou*, the luminous, the shining ones. After death the shining one went in search of Sokaris. A drawing in the *Book of the Dead* shows it a human figure dressed in white, ascending, staff in hand, the sandy slope of the Libyan hills. The entrance to the *Land of Sokaris* was not easy of access. During the journey the soul incurred all the risks of travelling in the desert: it was exposed to hunger and thirst, assaulted by bad spirits, surrounded by snakes, scorpions, and venomous beetles, whose bite would have been death

for it, if it had not been protected against them by magical formulas and amulets of sovereign virtue. When it had reached the Door of the Passages, *Ro-staouou*, it was led before the god and made free of the place and its rights. The kingdom of Sokaris was no pleasant abode for those who were admitted to it:

"The West is a land of sleep and darkness heavy, a place where those who settle in it, slumbering in their forms, never wake to see their brethren; they never look more on their father and their mother, their heart leaves hold of their wives and their children. The living water which Earth has for every one there, is foul here where I am; though it runs for every one who is on earth, foul is for me the water which is with me. I do not know any spot where I would like to be, since I reached this Valley! Give me water which runs towards me, saying to me, 'Let thy jug never be without water;' bring me to the North-wind, on the brink of water, that it may caress me, that my heart may cool from its pain. The god whose name is *Let complete Death Come*, when he has summoned anybody to him, they come to him, their hearts disturbed by the fear of him, for there is nobody dares look up at him from amongst gods and men, the great are to him the same as the small and he spares not who loves him, but tears the nursling from the mother as he does the old man, and everybody who meets him is filled with affright. All the men who beseech before him, he never attends to them; nobody goes to implore him, for he never listens to those who implore him, and he never looks to those who bring him presents of all sorts of things."

Sokaris being a dead form of Phtah, was often known under the name of Phtah-Sokaris. The northern and eastern districts of the Delta belonged to Osiris, king of Busiris and Mendes. Osiris, son of Sibou, the Earth-god, and of Nouit, the Heaven-goddess, was a personification of man. His terrestrial life was spent in teaching his people the arts of civilization, and served as a model to all kings of Egypt; after death he continued his good work among the dead and insured them happiness in the other world. Two different traditions were extant about his character as lord of Hades. The oldest one describes his lands as being laid in darkness, like the land of Sokaris of which I have just spoken; the souls devoted to him assembled round his shrine, and dragged out there the same dreary life which was promised to the believers in Sokaris. The similarity of conception between both the kingdoms of death led to an identification between both the kings; Sokaris and Phtah-Sokaris became mixed up with Osiris, and out of the three divinities there proceeded a complex being who had the attributes of them all, and bore the triple name of Phtahsokarosiris. The second tradition, which spread very early all over Egypt, took a more cheerful view of the conditions of disembodied souls. It held that the Land of Osiris was no underground site swallowed up in a despairing intensity of dark-

ness. It consisted of several islands hidden away in the marshes of the Delta, and made inaccessible to the living by mud, and quicksands, and tangled thickets of giant bulrushes. The dead, previously instructed by priests of what they had to do, went up to a spot where a ferry-boat, *mâkhonou*, waited to take them across. They had to be examined by the ferry-man; when their answers proved them to have been true followers of Osiris, they were allowed to cross over. On landing, they confronted the god and his assessor-judges, to whom they made a full confession of their deeds and who tried them accordingly. This boat theory was not a matter of universal belief; some people thought that souls coming to the brink of the water found there Thot, the Ibis-god, who took them upon his wings and delivered them over to Osiris. The reasons which the Egyptians proffered for putting their earthly paradise in such an unlikely place were of the purely mythical order. Old legends said that, Osiris having been treacherously murdered by his brother Sit, his wife Isis flew to the marshes near Buto, and gave birth to Horus. She kept him concealed there until he was grown to man's estate; then she gathered around him the old servants of her husband who had remained faithful to her, and sent him to war against his uncle. When he came back victorious after a protracted struggle, he brought the mummy of his father to the place where he had been born, and performed upon it such powerful incantations that it suddenly revived; and from that time there were two kings in the world, Horus in Egypt for the living, Osiris in the marshes for such of the dead as had been during their life followers of Horus, *Shosou-Hor*, had received burial according to the rites instituted by Horus, and thus had become identified with Osiris. Each of the islands had its own name, which was preserved in the *Book of the Dead;* the whole was known in the sacred literature of Egypt as *Sokhit Ialou* (or *Iarou*), the Field of Asphodel. There the souls lived the days and nights of their second existence in the light of sun and moon, working and resting alternately. When called to the *corvée*, they had to tend the cattle, to till the ground, to sow, to reap, to ship the harvest home, under the supervision of Thot and other minor gods, to keep watch upon the waters and fight against Sit and his troops, if these dared to assault the realm of Osiris. When not on duty, they fished or hunted at their leisure, made love to female souls, or sat in painted kiosks, drinking fresh water, enjoying the cool breeze, playing games of chess, or even reading books. The produce of their labors was

not all their own; it was divided between them and the god, as it had been on earth between them and the reigning king, but what was left them was reputed to be probably large enough for their maintenance. Moreover they had the same right as the doubles to receive gifts from earthly friends. All offerings made for the benefit of the dead, accumulated daily in a special district of the *Ialou* which was called *Sokhit hotpou*, Field of Offering. The divinities who had been intrusted by the living with the transmission, kept part for their own use, as a percentage for the office they had been asked to perform; the rest was handed over to the person or persons designated by name in the dedicatory formula of the sacrifice. The realm of Osiris was at its best but a counterfeit of the realm of Pharaoh, and that will seem to many, who know what Egypt was, a poor ideal of a paradise; such as it was, it must have looked the perfection of happiness to people whose notions of future life had been previously confined to the Land of Sokaris.

Whatever the merits of this conception, it had at least one fault: the site allotted to it was not secluded enough to prevent intrusion. When the islands in the marshes became accessible to living men, the Field of Ialou departed from them, leaving behind its name, which stuck to one of the small districts of the northern Delta till the time of the Ptolemies, and a few legends, some of which were collected by Greek dragomans thousands of years afterward, and supplied Herodotus, among others, with the story of the blind king Anysis. There is some reason to suppose that it landed first upon the coast of Phœnicia, in a place which we know to have been very closely connected with Egyptian myths. It was said that the chest containing the corpse of Osiris had been carried away to Byblos by the waves of the sea, and "there gently lodged in the branches of a tamarisk bush, which in a short time shot up into a large tree, growing round the chest, and enclosing it on every side, so that it could not be seen; and the king of the country, having cut down the tree, had made the part of the trunk wherein the chest was concealed, a pillar to support the roof of his house." I do not know whether Osiris and his kingdom passed from Phœnicia to the more remote coast of Cilicia, and thence to heaven. It is enough to say that, even in the inscriptions of the fifth dynasty, we find him out of our world, settled, islands and all, in the neighborhood of the Great Bear, in the northern part of the Milky Way. I have not been able to discover as yet when, where, and by what associations of myths or

ideas the Osirian family was converted into star-gods. Suffice it to say that Osiris, Isis, and Horus were considered as being, respectively, the same as Sahou, who presided in Orion, as Sopdit, the ruler of Sothis, and as Tiou-noutir, the morning star. The islands in the marshes became islands in the firmament, and the water which had surrounded them on earth was transformed into a heavenly ocean, rolling its waves in the northern sky. At first it must have been no easy matter for the Egyptians to contrive means of lifting so high souls endowed with a more or less heavy body; but, being practical people, they devised several ways of effecting it. Such of them as believed the soul to be a bird, affirmed that it took to its wings after death or burial, and flew upward to the door of heaven. Those who had been taught it was a *khou*, a shining human shape, were no less ready than the others with their explanation. Earth was not to the Egyptians what it is to us, a globe carried safely through space by the laws of gravitation; everybody in Egypt knew that it was a flat, oblong, quadrangular slab, more like the upper board of a table than anything they could imagine. It was surmounted by a flat, iron roof stretching at some distance from it and supported by four strong pillars which prevented it from falling and crushing what was underneath. Thus the world was like a two-storied house, the various parts of which might be connected, as they are in our houses, by a staircase, or by a ladder. The Egyptians supposed that there was somewhere in the West a tall ladder which went up straight from earth to heaven. Gods and goddesses watched it day and night, Sibou and Nouit, Hor and Sit, Tafnouit and Shou, Hathor, and a few more. Nobody was allowed to climb it unless he knew the password, and, even after giving it, those poor souls were in danger of never reaching the top who were not helped by the hand of some piteous divinity. Once on the solid floor of the firmament, they travelled northward until they came to the brink of the boreal ocean; there they found the ferry-boat or the ibis of Thot, the judge Osiris and his assessors, the islands of the Happy, where they settled forever and ever amongst the indestructible stars, *âkhimou-Sokou*, as indestructible as any of them.

Osiris could not remain long in heaven without meeting Khontamentit. This god, originally of Thinite extraction, was the dead form, the dead side of a solar divinity, Anhouri, or of a solar divinity coupled with a cosmic one, Anhour-Shou. Now the life of a sun is something very like the life of a man. The mother of the sun,

Nouit, the Heaven-goddess, brings her son forth in the East every morning, in the same way that men are born of women. The sun-child grows up hour after hour as the human child does year after year, and culminates at noon in mid-heaven, a strong and all-powerful warrior; then he begins to decline, a gradually decaying being whom mythological pictures represent, with heavy head and bent body, leaning on a staff more and more, until he sinks in the West and slowly fades away. Thus, the day of a sun reproduces all the changes which are perceptible in the life of a man from birth to death; but whereas the man, once passed from this our world, is never seen in it any more, the sun returns to it every morning with fresh youth and renovated vigor. Some thought that the sun of to-day was not yesterday's sun, and would never be. The body of the god remained in the West, his soul only revived, and the sun whom Nouit brought forth every morning was a new sun vivified and moved by the soul of all the departed suns. Others believed that each new-born sun was essentially the same as the preceding suns, body and soul. According to the first theory, Khontamentit had in the West a similar kingdom to the Lands of Sokaris and Osiris, where he ruled over the dead in darkness and sleep. According to the second, he knew how to escape the common fate of all living beings. After plunging into darkness in the West, he came out into light in the East, and continued subsisting in regular exchanges from life to death and from death to life. The Egyptians who had first likened the life of the sun to the life of man, now reversed the comparison; they likened the life of man to the life of the sun, and asked themselves whether it were not possible for man to do as the sun did. The place where the sun passed from the living world into the world of the dead was known to be west of Abydos, in the hills of the Libyan desert; they described it as a deep and narrow gully, a kind of slit, *pokaït* or *pokarit*, in the mountain, through which the perennial stream that surged and ran in heaven, floating the golden barges of the gods, flowed from light into darkness. The ark of the sun, coming up to it, was hailed by the divine apes and the jackal-headed deities who kept watch upon the entrance, and was swallowed every evening by the *Mouth of the Slit*. It met there crowds of souls who had been sent to Abydos, during the day, from all the parts of Egypt; such of them as had been faithful to the god were allowed to join his train, to embark with him, and even to help the minor gods row him safely in the dark. The way they had

to follow to reach the eastern parts led them in or near the regions of the sky which were occupied by Osiris and by his Field of Ialou. The Egyptians fancied that earth was surrounded on every side by a high mountainous wall which bore the iron floor of the firmament together with the four pillars of which I have spoken. The sun-boat, after disappearing in the *Mouth of the Slit*, altered its course, ran up to the North, outside that wall which hid it from our world, then changed its direction once more and came down to the eastern door of heaven. Khontamentit had, therefore, to pass in sight of Osiris, and the affinity between the two gods was great enough to promote first a connection, soon an identification between them. Osiris and Khontamentit were addressed as the god *Osiri-Khontamentit*, or *Osiris, lord of Mendes, Khontamentit, lord of Abydos.* When we remember that Osiris was already mixed up in Sokaris, we need not be surprised if we find on funeral monuments a *Sokarosiris Khontamentit*, who united in himself the souls and powers of Sokaris, Osiris, and Khontamentit.

This absorption of the three gods in one resulted in the confusion of their several creeds. Imagine for yourself an Egyptian adoring Sokarosiris Khontamentit, and see what this threefold divinity ordered him to believe about his future condition. What remains of man after death is either a double or a soul. Being a double it must needs live in his tomb, on the offerings which are presented to him on feast days. At the same time, being a soul, it wanders away to the Libyan hills to sleep in the land of Sokaris, it rises up to heaven where it works for Osiris in the Field of Ialou, it catches the boat of the sun at the Mouth of the Slit and follows Khontamentit. I do not think that most Egyptians were troubled in their minds by the contradictions which are involved in the above statements. Everything that bore a relation to the other life was not so much a matter of reason for them as a matter of faith; they believed in Sokarosiris Khontamentit without trying to analyze their creed, and adopted all the notions which were embodied in him, however conflicting or irreconcilable the one with the other. Take, for instance, this formula, which occurs frequently on the funerary steles of the XVIIIth and XIXth dynasties:

"Adoration to Ouapouaïtou and to Anubis that they allow me to be a glorious soul in heaven, rich upon earth, true-voiced in the underground (*Khri-noutri*), to go in and come out of my tomb and to enjoy the coolness of its shade, to drink out of my own well every day, to be flourishing in all my members; that the Nile

may bring to me all cakes, all offerings, all annual plants, each in its season ; that I may walk on the brink of my tank every day, that my soul may alight upon the boughs of the garden I have made for myself, that I may cool myself under my sycamore trees and eat from their fruit ; that my mouth exists for me to speak with as the Followers of Horus are wont to do ; that I may go out to heaven or come down to earth without being repulsed on the way, with no detaining of my double, nor putting in prison of my soul ; that I may be admitted to the circle of the friends, amongst the devoted to Osiris ; that I may till my own field in the Land of Ialou, that I may reach the Field of Offerings, to be presented with a jar of beer, and cakes from the cakes of the Lords of Eternity ; that I may receive my dinner from the quantity of meat which is put upon the altar of the great god Osiris."

Here we have the same man speaking of his double and of his soul, but this is no difficult thing to explain: Egyptians of his time had divided the human person into two parts, one of which, corresponding to the old double, remained in the tomb with the body, while the soul went away to the other world. The allusions to the myth of Sokaris are frequent in the beginning of the formula, when the dead speaks about being true-voiced in the underground; then the text brings us from earth to heaven and the Fields of Ialou. Thus we see that nobody doubted that it was possible for a soul to enjoy at the same time all the privileges which were insured to the devotees of Sokaris and Osiris. We know from other formulas that other people found no difficulty in wishing for themselves a perpetual residence in the fields of Osiris, at the same time that they asked admittance into the boat of Khontamentit. They were taught to believe in contradictory dogmas from their childhood, and believe they did, with never a scruple or a query.

But there were others who thought about them and sought to harmonize the various conceptions of a posthumous life, or, where this was not possible, to tone down and even to suppress completely such of them as were irreducible to their own creed. They lived under the great Theban dynasties, at the time that the worship of Amonrâ which prevailed in Egypt had nearly succeeded in establishing all over the land the belief in one single God, and this a solar one. They were persuaded that the only way for a soul to enjoy perpetual bliss was to become as one with the sun, and this conviction was so strong in them, that, instead of giving the dead the name of Osiris, which had been until then reserved for them, they identified them with Râ, the Sun-god: for a while, dead Ramses or Amenhotpou was no more the Osiris Ramses or the Osiris Amenhotpou, but the Râ Ramses and the Ra Amenhotpou. Their systems have been preserved to us in books, several of which are inscribed upon the walls in

the Tombs of the Kings, at Thebes. They described the travels of the dead sun, Afou,—the flesh, the corpse of Râ,—in the hidden part of the world, *Douaout*. The Douaout was a kingdom of night, not unlike the kingdom of Egypt. It was divided into twelve districts, one for each of the black hours. The districts were called *pylons* in one of the books, *mansions*, *circles*, or *cities* in the other. They answered to the cities and to the nomes of Egypt, only they were inhabited by divinities and human souls, and ruled by gods who recognized the supremacy of the sun as readily as the princes of the nomes acknowledged the sovereignty of Pharaoh. Afou inspected them every night. He floated down the stream of the dark river in them, the Oiranous, as any living Pharaoh did the Nile; he stopped in each of them to address the inhabitants and be addressed by them, to invest them with lands of their own or rents of offerings, to infuse them with new life. These cities of Douaout constituted as artificial a division as the real nomes of Egypt. In one of the books, which is entitled *A Book of Learning what there is in the Other World*, they were described as combining together to form subordinate kingdoms for the old gods of the Dead. The sun, after disappearing west of Thebes, went through an empty country for the space of one hour, till he came to the Land of Khontamentit. The Land of Khontamentit stretched over two hours from Abydos to Hnes, and was bounded by the Land of Sokari, which occupied two hours more. The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth hours belonged to Osiris, and the *Augrit*, where the souls went from the eastern part of the Delta, was in the tenth and eleventh hours; the twelfth hour prepared the birth of the Sun-child and was reserved to the gods of Dawn. This distribution of the dead alongside the borders of Egypt from west to east, passing through the northern regions, was a natural result of the repartition of creeds at the time of the Theban dynasties. Most of the Egyptians remained true to their local dogmas and their souls went to their respective gods after death, Memphite souls to Sokaris, Osirian souls to Osiris, and so on. Only a few persons in the Theban circles were intelligent enough to perceive the superiority of the theory that identified the soul of man with the soul of the sun, and were willing to follow Afou by night and Amonrâ by day. While the devotees of the old gods subsided each into his own land under his own ruler, to live there in darkness except for one brief hour out of the twenty-four when Afou came to the city they dwelt in, the souls of the initiated enjoyed perpetual light in the boat of Râ.

These are some of the speculations in which old Egypt indulged for centuries; there were others which it would be imprudent to give, such small traces have they left in the monumental records. That which I have tried to sum up here in a few pages, is the result of a long course of studies in Egyptian religion. Whether the conclusions to which I have come are true or not, I cannot say, as yet; I am too full of my subject to be a good judge of what I am doing. This I am able to affirm, that every proposition I have put forward is founded upon original texts, most of which have been discovered in the pyramids of the Memphite kings, many of which are probably older than the beginning of the Egyptian monarchy.

G. MASPERO.

## A POLITICAL FRANKENSTEIN.

### II.

BOTH General Kaulbars and General Sóbolef had seen service in Central Asia. They evidently felt, in coming to Bulgaria, that they were to play the part given to a British resident at a native court in India; but they forgot that Bulgaria was not in Asia, and, even had they been sent to the other side of the Bosphorus, they would have done well to have taken a lesson in tact and manners from the gentlemen they thought they were imitating. Before their departure from St. Petersburg the Emperor, in the presence of the Prince, had instructed them to go hand in hand with him, to adopt his point of view and to serve him faithfully. General Sóbolef does not mention any secret instructions in his defence of his Administration,* which is interesting both from what he confesses and what he excuses; but on the arrival of the generals in Bulgaria, it was evident that they had been affected meanwhile by other influences. They seemed to devote all their efforts to undermining the power and position of the Prince; to thwarting his plans, and to counteracting his influence. They strove to render him unpopular in Bulgaria, and to make him an object of suspicion in Russia, and deprive him of the Tsar's support. As concerns Russia and Russian opinion they gained their object; their official reports and their private letters were, naturally, believed implicitly, and Arsénief, the Russian diplomatic agent, was reprimanded for attempting to report the real truth to the Foreign Office, and felt obliged to ask for a change of post. Russian newspaper correspondents devoted to the two generals received official positions under them; and lost no opportunity of maligning and criticising the Prince, and of abusing every Bulgarian in a responsible position who was not the creature or the devoted servant of the Russian intriguers. In Bulgaria, however, want of tact and stupid brutality sometimes reacted on those guilty of them, and chiefly resulted in rendering them ridiculous. General Kaulbars affected to show his contempt for the Prince by

* *The First Prince of Bulgaria:* published originally in the *Rússkaya Starinâ* for September, 1886, and which has since appeared in a German translation.

refusing to eat when dining at the palace. When King Milan of Serbia visited the Prince at Rustchuk, a meeting which the generals had disapproved, as they considered the King a mere Austrian agent, they made a great show of reluctance to meet the King or to be present at dinner. Kaulbars even wished to show his contempt by giving the Serbian cross the lowest place among his decorations, and had to be ordered by the Prince to place it first or to stay away from the table. When new complimentary decorations were distributed on the King's departure, both generals were eager to receive a grand cordon.

Although the two generals had everything in their own hands and practically exercised the dictatorial powers conferred upon the Prince, they never met with the slightest opposition without imagining it to be caused by hatred to Russia, by Austrian intrigue, by Bulgarian ingratitude, or to be the result of the personal plots of the Prince. Difficulties were made with the Catholic schools because Austria was Catholic; quarrels were picked with the American missionaries because the Prince was a Protestant; whatever did not accord with the views of the generals showed a strong anti-Slav tendency. General Sóbolef says, in the pamphlet referred to above: "Bulgaria needs a man with an iron will; the Bulgarians know how to obey, and obey well." This was his Asiatic way of looking at things; but, in truth, what was necessary for the Bulgarians was not to be commanded, but to be led. What neither Sóbolef nor the other Russians in Bulgaria could understand were the instincts of the people, their desire to be free, and their learning to govern themselves. To his warped mind the difficulties he encountered seemed to come from the supposed absence of a strong will in Prince Alexander; or, at all events, from a refusal to exert it. This he easily explained to himself by the Prince being German, and, therefore, opposed to Slav aspirations; by his hating Russia; by his being under Austrian influence; by his being surrounded with partisans of the "effete western civilization," and by his personal ambition to be independent; so that it was impossible to expect any good or advantage to come to Bulgaria from his rule. Naturally the constant repetition of such ideas in official reports and newspapers could not but increase the suspicion with which the Prince was viewed in Russia.

How often during all this period of Russian dictatorship Austria could have gained, and rapidly extended, a legitimate influence! But

a blight has affected Austrian diplomacy in the East. It has seemed a constant fact that, when the state of feeling was ripe and the moment propitious for an act which would have gained for Austria respect, gratitude, and even love, a feeling of haughtiness, of religious discord, or of race hatred came over either the Foreign Office or the diplomatist, so that an advantage was lost instead of won.

This accusation of subserviency to Austria was probably what completed the ruin of Prince Alexander; for to the Russian mind it meant treachery to Russia. It originated entirely in the fact that the Prince authorized the signature of what was known as the "*Convention à quatre*," which provided for the immediate construction of the Bulgarian portion of the railway which now unites Vienna and Belgrade with Constantinople. This the Prince was obliged to do in order to fulfil the conditions imposed by the Treaty of Vienna, and for the benefit of the country. But that which could give Bulgaria railway connection with the West was thought to sever it from Russia; and a through train from Vienna to Constantinople could carry Austrian more quickly than Russian ideas.

Railways seemed to be the chief business of the Russian dictators—railways leading no matter where, provided they were built by Russian engineers and *entrepreneurs* with Bulgarian money—for Sóbolef had been previously in relations with Günzburg through some whiskey-farming schemes in which his father-in-law was a partner. Various Russian engineers, connected by marriage and otherwise with the generals, appeared on the scene; as well as a Prince Hílkof—a near connection of Madame Nelídof, the Russian ambassadress at Constantinople—who was expected to take charge of all the public works of the principality. Hílkof had had an adventurous life, having been at one time fireman and engineer on an American railway; and, although he showed in Bulgaria no great talent, he is said since to have done good service in the construction of the Russian Central Asiatic Railway. To the surprise of his Bulgarian ministers, Prince Alexander at first supported the Russian schemes; and when they made representations to him, said: "Yes, you are right; fifteen or twenty millions will be squandered, but if we can get the support of the Russian coterie at that price, is it not better to pay it, provided Bulgaria will be allowed thereafter to develop itself peacefully as it chooses?" The Bulgarian ministers disagreed with him, because they felt sure that the railways were only the opening wedge for the complete exploitation of the country; and, in

spite of all their efforts, the Russian generals could never get their schemes accepted by the Assembly.

The Ministry as originally constituted contained three Russians and three Bulgarians; but the Bulgarian members were gradually eliminated, until finally Sóbolef and Kaulbars were the only two remaining ministers; the other posts were filled temporarily, each with a *locum tenens* who had to report to Sóbolef and had no right of audience with the Prince, the latter thus practically abdicating in favor of the general, a step which he rendered more complete by taking a journey to Constantinople and Greece, and then going to Moscow for the coronation of the Tsar. The visit to Constantinople had great effect in smoothing the relations between Bulgaria and Turkey; and both in Greece and in Montenegro efforts were made to come to a friendly understanding which would avoid an eventual conflict in Macedonia. It was to his coming interview at Moscow with the Tsar that the Prince looked for an issue from his difficulty; and it was in view of this that he always bade his supporters have patience and wait till he could plead his own cause to Alexander III. A remark he made at Athens is instructive. An official representation was made to him as to the treatment of some American missionaries in Bulgaria, when he said: "You know that I would gladly do all I can, but at present I have absolutely no power in my own country; and it would probably be best for your Government to lay its complaints before the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg."

The visit to Moscow, from which so much was hoped, was chiefly remarkable for its disillusions. A deputation of members of the National Assembly, headed by the Archbishop Clement, had been allowed by the Prince to go to Russia, with the hope of representing to the Emperor the real state of the country. General Sóbolef, without the permission of the Prince, abandoned his post and took with him to St. Petersburg another deputation, which he had selected from the extreme opposition,—of men most bitter against the Prince, and who were, therefore, for the moment considered sufficiently pro-Russian. As the Tsar insisted on receiving both deputations at the same time, it was impossible to make any representations to him. The Tsar was kind, but cautious and reserved; he promised, however, to recall the two generals; and, at the pressing request of the Prince, agreed to send again to Bulgaria General Ernroth, who had his complete confidence. It is a curious instance

of how very petty incidents sometimes have great consequences, that the Prince happened to be out when the Tsar called upon him; and that this enabled some of his enemies to make personal complaints against him. A certain coolness resulted; Prince Alexander was not invited by the Tsar to return to St. Petersburg with the other foreign guests, and on his way home heard, to his chagrin and regret, that the Tsar had revised his decision, had refused to send General Ernroth, and had resolved, for the purpose of investigation and for smoothing difficulties, to despatch thither M. Ionin, who had for fifteen years been Russian agent in Montenegro, and had just been named Envoy to Brazil. Some pieces of home news also alarmed the Prince; the Minister of Justice—a Bulgarian by descent, but a Russian official, Theokárof—had dismissed and replaced three-fourths of the judges and officials of the courts and tribunals, despite a positive and stringent order of the Prince; General Sóbolef was pressing negotiations for regulating the payment of the $5,000,000 which, it was claimed, Bulgaria still owed to Russia for the expenses of the Russian occupation, hoping to use this as a moral force against Bulgaria, and with a wild idea of building up a great Russian commercial fleet on the Danube to compete with the Austrian steamers; General Kaulbars had called out the reserves, and was exercising full half the Bulgarian army on the plain near Sofia; and, most significant of all, Burmof, the Director of Finances, was negotiating at St. Petersburg for the deposit of nearly the whole Bulgarian Reserve Fund, $3,000,000, in the Russian State Bank, which (Sóbolef had assured him) would pay a higher interest than he could get elsewhere. The certificate of deposit was to be pledged to Günzburg as collateral for the sums necessary in the railway schemes. The Prince hastily left Ischl, where he was recruiting his health, and took up the reins of power again with a vigor which astonished the generals. He disapproved the financial negotiations of Burmof, and fortunately recovered the money of the treasury before it had quite reached the frontier; dismissed the Minister of Justice; approved the convention for regulating the occupation-expenses only on condition that it should be ratified by the Chamber; and for that purpose, as well as for carrying out the railway-convention with Austria, called a special meeting of the Legislative Assembly. This last step, for some reason or other, was looked on with extreme displeasure in Russia, for the feelings of that Government had become singularly sensitive.

The Prince had just before sent Stoílof to St. Petersburg in the capacity of diplomatic agent, in order to have some person of confidence who could communicate with the Russian Foreign Office; but on passing through Vienna Stoílof was told by Ionin that such an appointment would be considered by the Tsar and the Government as an intentional affront. Stoílof continued his journey in an unofficial capacity, but both the Emperor and M. de Giers refused to see him. In the old times when other governments made difficulties about receiving agents from vassal states, Russia allowed the continuous residence at St. Petersburg of a Rumanian agent, and so skilfully arranged the ceremonial that his presence in the diplomatic circle did not offend the susceptibilities even of the ambassador of his suzerain, the Sultan.

In choosing a method for coercing the Prince, recourse was had to the Radical Opposition, which then professed itself very Russo-phile, and with the members of which the two generals had coquetted from the day of their arrival. The weapon most ready to hand was the suspension of the Constitution, which had really never been forgiven by the country. It was thought that with the help of the Radicals the Prince could be forced to give up his dictatorial powers —or perhaps, even better, be deposed; and that in return for this service the Radicals could be induced to accept a revision of the Constitution, or even a new one drawn up by Russia. The game would thus, in the end, be in the generals' hands, for both Prince and people would be rendered powerless. When matters were ripe, Ionin shortened his stay at Vienna, having apparently now received full instructions, and reached Sofia on September 1st. The Prince had previously received a telegram from the Tsar, begging him to suspend all proceedings against the generals until the arrival of Ionin, "who had the most friendly instructions, and was charged to use all his efforts, if necessary, to smooth down any difficulties." The official presentation of Ionin was no sooner over, than he asked a private audience, saying he was commissioned to deliver a verbal message from the Tsar; and was thereupon introduced into the Prince's study.

"There he began" (I quote Prince Alexander's own account) "in a haughty and disrespectful tone to state to me that the Tsar was very discontented with my conduct since my return from Moscow, and that he considered the convocation of the Chamber for September 15th as an act of open hostility against Russia, and a direct insult to his person; since he knew only too well that the Chamber was convoked for the sole purpose of creating a scandal against Russia; that, therefore, the Emperor desired, and commanded me to dissolve the Chamber, to keep the gene-

rals for at least two years longer, to separate myself from the clique with which I terrorized the country, and to give back to the country my full powers. 'For' (so Ionin said literally), 'the Tsar gave you the full powers; now he takes them away from you, because you have made a bad and wicked use of them.' To all my objections Ionin answered insolently and impertinently, and finally explained that 'as M. Ionin I beg pardon for the expressions I have used; but as the Envoy of his Majesty I am compelled to repeat them to you; for I have received the command from the Emperor to employ this language.'"

The Prince at first decided that it was impossible for him to enter into a personal conflict with the Emperor of Russia; and that the best thing he could do for Bulgaria would be to abdicate. He accordingly despatched a confidential messenger to his father, with a statement of his intentions, and a full account of the situation. In the mean time, while suffering from a fever brought about by agitation, he was again obliged to receive Ionin, who imperiously demanded an audience, with the remark that he was ordered by the Tsar to proceed more energetically against him, in case he refused to reply to the Russian demands. Under the pressure of the emergency the Prince did reply; he absolutely refused to comply with the demands of Russia; he denied the authority of Ionin to use the language he had used; he begged the Russian generals to resign in order to avoid scandal; and said that he would proceed to the formation of a coalition ministry for the government of the country. Zánkof and other leading Liberals had already been sounded; but Ionin persuaded them to make demands which could not be accepted; and a coalition ministry was, therefore, impossible. Ionin thereupon reappeared accompanied by the generals, who refused to resign, and told the Prince that, if he accepted a purely Conservative ministry, he would be at once deposed, as there were in the country 150 Liberal committees who only awaited their orders openly to demand his abdication. They further laid before him an ultimatum, professing it to have been authorized by the Tsar, demanding the retention of the generals for two years more, the dissolution of the Chamber, the unconditional acceptance of every measure proposed by the generals, separation from the clique which surrounded him, restoration to the nation of its full powers, and the acceptance of a new Constitution. The Prince asked for time to reflect, during which he consulted the heads of parties, and the representatives of the Great Powers. The German agent was away, having been apparently given leave of absence until the crisis was past. The Austrian refused to come to the palace, on the ground that he had no instructions; and even

talked of the legitimate influence of Russia—words which his Government probably now regrets that he used. The Englishman felt sure that the Prince would be glad to leave Bulgaria; while the Frenchman gave the energetic advice to arrest the two generals and send them across the frontier. Finally, in another interview with Ionin, the Prince agreed, as a compromise, that the next meeting of the Assembly should consider only the two questions of the railway and the regulation of the cost of the Russian occupation; that he should issue a manifesto for the formation of a commission to draw up the new Constitution, and the calling of a General Assembly to consider it; and that the present ministry should remain in power until that time. A manifesto to this effect was accordingly published on September 11th, and in a telegram to the Tsar, stating the fact, the Prince declared that he had issued the manifesto under pressure and against his own convictions, believing that the sudden opening of these constitutional questions would be unfortunate for the country. The Tsar telegraphed back from Copenhagen, where he was on a visit to his father-in-law, "I am happy and tranquillized."

Having heard that General Kaulbars was endeavoring to excite a revolt among the troops encamped at Sofia, the Prince—ill as he was—resolved to visit the camp. He was received with such affection and enthusiasm by the soldiers as to prove to him that, so far, the machinations against him were vain. It may be added here that during the summer there had been large importations from Russia of arms, ammunition, and military stores; that repairs had been made to the Danube fortresses, contrary to the Treaty of Berlin; that the military budget had been increased by $2,000,000; and that Ionin had dryly said to a Bulgarian deputation that the Russian officers intended to remain two years longer, and that any agitation against them would be considered as rebellion against the Tsar.

Notwithstanding their victory over the Prince, the Russian generals were not content, and, fearing the result of his representations as to their conduct, desired to humble and to punish him. The 15th of September—the day fixed for the opening of the Assembly—had come; Sóbolef, therefore, made overtures to Zánkof, on whose desire for revenge he counted, and suggested that he and the Radicals should refuse to vote the address; but that, on the contrary, they should demand the Prince's abdication, and propose placing Bulgaria under a Russian protectorate for ten years, explaining that Russia really cared nothing about the Constitution of Tirnova. Zánkof

appeared to consent; but as he had no very warm desire for such close relations with Russia, he went to the Prince and informed him of what had happened. In the course of the night a coalition ministry was agreed upon, although the Conservatives agreed loyally to support a purely Liberal Cabinet; and the course of action next day planned. The Prince on his part agreed to restore the Tirnova Constitution should he be unanimously asked so to do. When the day's session opened Sóbolef and Kaulbars were both present. To their surprise the Liberal deputies lately elected took the oath, although it had been agreed upon that they should not do so, and the committee on the address to the throne was composed half of Liberals and half of Conservatives. It had no sooner been chosen than the President rose and read a brief address already prepared, begging the Prince to restore the Tirnova Constitution; asking him what amendments to it he wished to propose; and promising to consider them immediately. Sóbolef looked impatiently at Zánkof, who, instead of his expected anger and protest, calmly said that he agreed with all parties in this address, and promised loyalty to the Prince. Sóbolef and Kaulbars could stand this no longer, but rushed out of the house crying, "Pigs, canaille, lying rascals!" forgetting in their excitement to take their sabres and military caps, amid the hurrahs of the Assembly. The deputies then went to the palace in a body, presented the address, expressed their thanks, and promised coöperation, whereupon the Prince formally announced the restoration of the Constitution.

The new ministry under the presidency of Zánkof was at once announced; but Sóbolef and Kaulbars refused at first to resign, on the ground that the address showed no want of confidence in them. They were obliged to hear from the Prince that it was only his personal intervention which had spared them this humiliation; and they reluctantly gave up their posts. On the eve of their departure a banquet was given in their honor by the mayor of Sofia—who was a creature of Sóbolef's—the expenses of which were paid by the Russian Consulate, and charged to the account for illuminations in honor of the birthday of the Emperor of Russia. Ionin said dryly, "The Prince ought to be congratulated as he has managed the thing cleverly; but I shall know how to prepare my revenge." It was indeed a great victory for Bulgaria and for the Prince; but in the end it proved ruinous for the one and dangerous for the other. For nearly two years after this, until the Philippopolis revolution, Bulgaria

enjoyed a fair measure of tranquillity; outwardly Russia affected to consider the departure of Sóbolef and Kaulbars as one of the ordinary incidents of the fluctuating relations of the Principality with the Empire. There were the usual intrigues between the Russian agents and the different political leaders; there were some small but unpleasant incidents originating at St. Petersburg; but, on the whole, the Prince had hopes of effecting a reconciliation, and that this time it would be a permanent one. Some of the slight incidents were not, however, uninteresting. When the Prince wished to appoint General Lesovóy Minister of War, Ionin, in the name of the Emperor, forbade him to accept it; and on a question from the Prince, said: "The Emperor will never leave the army in the hands of a man who listens to you rather than to us." On the Prince objecting to this language, he said: "Keep on, I can easily bring about a quarrel," adding laughingly, "which certainly is not for us to fear." The Prince thereupon closed the conversation by saying: "God is my witness that I certainly do not desire a quarrel; but if Russia holds to provoking one, neither do I fear it." Subsequently the Chamber resolved to separate the chief command of the army from the Ministry of War; leaving the latter only the administration of ministerial details. Rüdiger, a Finlander who had served in the War Department, and had accepted the ministry, threatened, by order of Ionin, to resign, if the Prince signed this resolution; and at the same time the Tsar telegraphed to the Prince, forbidding him to make any change in the *status quo* of the army until the arrival of an Imperial aide-de-camp charged with a personal investigation, and the regulation of military matters. The Prince telegraphed affirmatively, and sent by General Lesovóy and M. Balabánof a carefully written letter to the Tsar, explaining the state of the country and the necessity of removing the command of the army from the Ministry of War, in compliance with the Constitution. Both these communications greatly irritated the Emperor. During the Prince's absence for a few days in the mountains, Lieutenant Pólzikof, the Prince's favorite aide-de-camp, was ordered to leave his suite, to quit Bulgaria within forty-eight hours, and rejoin his regiment at St. Petersburg under pain of being treated as a deserter. This was in itself sufficient; but the Prince was still more annoyed on returning to Sofia to find this Imperial order countersigned by his own Minister of War and posted on all the street-corners. A ministerial council was called, and it was decided that all the Russian members of the princely suite

should be dismissed; that the Bulgarian officers serving in Russia should be recalled; and that Rüdiger, the Minister of War, should be relieved. The last at first refused to resign without the Emperor's order, until he was threatened with arrest and deportation from the country. Finally the Emperor's aide-de-camp arrived; he turned out to be Baron Nicolas Kaulbars, the elder brother of General Alexander Kaulbars, who had just left. He was then military *attaché* in Vienna, and came again to Bulgaria later, in 1886, after the final departure of Prince Alexander, on a mission to excite the people against the Regency. At this time he remained about three months; nominally for the purpose of concluding a military convention, which, while it recognized the Prince as the real head of the army, increased to some extent the power of the Russian agent and the Russian Ministry of War over the Russian officers in the Bulgarian service. On the whole his stay then was beneficial; for he was courteous, had tact, and did much in a spirit of conciliation. On his departure, Prince Cantacuzene arrived as Minister of War, and Ionin was succeeded by Koyánder, whom the Bulgarians accuse of being the most tactless, weakest, falsest, and worst of all the Russian agents sent to Bulgaria.

Meanwhile there had been new elections accompanied with, perhaps, more than the usual amount of rioting; and the coalition ministry had given place to a purely radical one, headed by Karavélof, chiefly through the influence of the independent fraction, led by Stambúlof—a man destined since that time to play a great part in the history of the country. The relations of Karavélof with the Russian agency were at first very friendly, until a coolness arose in consequence of the hesitation of Karavélof in granting the railway concession to the Russian protegés. So nearly, however, was this done, that a Bulgarian company had to be formed and make its offer in a single night. As this offer was found to be a million cheaper than the Russian proposals, it was accepted by the Assembly. Finding that their open speeches against the Prince seemed to produce no perceptible effect upon the population, the Russian consuls next tried to embroil him with foreign powers. For this purpose the Brégovo question was raised with Serbia, and an agitation was set on foot to foment an insurrection in Macedonia, which would place the Prince in difficulties with Turkey, if he should assist the insurgents materially or morally, and with his own people, if he should refuse to assist them. Finally, on the 17th of September, 1885, came the bloodless revolution at Philippopolis.

Europe professed to be greatly astonished at this revolution. When the artificially established Province of Eastern Rumelia declared itself annexed to Bulgaria, and, dismissing its incompetent Governor-General, Gavríl Pasha, chose Alexander for its Prince, Russia seemed more astonished than any other Power. There was really as much cause for surprise as at the death of the late German Emperor. Every one who was interested in Eastern affairs, and near enough to have *any* information about them, knew that the movement for the union of Rumelia and Bulgaria had begun from the day of the signature of the Treaty of Berlin, and that its result was inevitable. The movement from the beginning had been conducted under Russian auspices; Russia had made a strong effort to get the militia under her control, and, when this had failed, she had assisted in the formation in every village of gymnastic societies intended to supplement the militia. The more recent proceedings of the revolutionary committees had been conducted with tolerable secrecy; but it seems to be proved that the Russian Consul-General Igelström and his military attaché were present at the last meeting of the secret committee at Dermenderé, when the date was fixed for the explosion. Karavélof was generally well informed about the movement, and information from time to time came to the Prince, although he was in no way consulted.

In the summer of 1885, Prince Alexander went to London to be present at the marriage of his brother Henry to the Princess Beatrice, and on his return stopped at Vienna to talk with Count Kálnoky, hoping that he might manage a reconciliation with the Tsar. The result of this interview was that the Emperor Francis Joseph invited him to the Austrian manœuvres at Pilsen; whence it was very easy for him to pay a visit to M. de Giers, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, then staying at Franzenbad. The interview was not unsatisfactory, but M. de Giers remarked that the policy of Russia at the moment was to maintain the *status quo* in the East, and begged him not only to discountenance any movements in Macedonia, but also to keep clear of any agitation for the union with Rumelia. The Prince admitted that he knew the feelings of the population; but said he felt sure that there would be no outbreak before the next spring, for it seems that, on Karavélof's advice, action had been postponed until that time.

Shortly after the Prince's arrival at Varna, he received a messenger from Philippopolis to say that, at the meeting already spoken of,

at Dermenderé, it had been decided to proclaim the union at some time between September 27th and October 2d. The Prince was greatly distressed, told of the assurances he had recently given to M. de Giers, and begged, for the sake of the country, that the revolution should be postponed. Before the messenger returned it had already broken out prematurely. Zachary Stoyánof, one of the chief conspirators, had been arrested, and was about to be sent across the frontier, when he found means of giving orders for immediate action. The revolution, as we all know, was successful; and the Prince was immediately informed of the result by telegraph. But the telegraph clerk usually employed at his villa of Sándrovo was absent, and he was obliged to drive to Varna to receive a telegram, the contents of which he, of course, did not know, and to send any messages which it might necessitate. The Prince at once realized the position in which he was placed. If he accepted the union, he would come into hostility with Turkey and also with Russia; for in view of his conversation with M. de Giers, he would be accused of duplicity and falsehood. If he refused it, he would be hated by his people and his abdication would be necessary. Even Karavélof was not to be found, and it became necessary to telegraph to every prefect of Bulgaria before it could be learned that he was quietly paying a visit to some friend in the country. The Prince, therefore, had to face the responsibility alone. Believing the union necessary for the country, he accepted the situation, telegraphed to Philippopolis that he would come at once and place himself at the head of the people; and to the Russian Tsar, giving the reasons for the step he had taken. The answer from the Tsar was an order from Copenhagen that all Russian officers should immediately leave the Bulgarian service. To a telegram from the Bulgarian Assembly and to a deputation from Philippopolis practically the same answer was given: "The Tsar will do nothing for the Bulgarians, so long as Prince Alexander remains on the throne." Meanwhile the Prince had gone to Eastern Rumelia, had assumed the government, and had restored order. His tact in telegraphing his submission to the Sultan, in visiting the Mussulman mosque and commanding prayers to be said for Abdúl Hamid, and in allaying race hatreds by promising both Mohammedans and Greeks that not a hair of their heads would be touched if they remained quiet, warded off an invasion by the Turkish troops, which had been quickly massed on the frontier. The Porte seemed to be confused about its duty of immediately

occupying Rumelia with an armed force. It hesitated through fear of offending Russia; and when the Russian ambassador suggested and even insisted on occupation, it hesitated still more, remembering the past. Fortunately, during Prince Alexander's visit in England he had ingratiated himself with the Queen; and the English Government had begun to see that, if Russia were really England's enemy in Asia, it was absurd to play into her hands in Europe. The support of England was, therefore, assured in the coming diplomatic conference at Constantinople, which was necessitated by the Philippopolis revolution, which was (I will not say an infringement of, but) an interference with the Treaty of Berlin.

Suddenly a new element came in—Serbia had mobilized its troops, nobody quite knew for what, but apparently against Turkey, with the hope of occupying the Serbian portion of Macedonia. There was the usual diplomatic advice, and at last Serbia decided on an invasion of Bulgaria, for the alleged reason that the annexation to Bulgaria of Eastern Rumelia interfered with the balance of power in the Balkan Peninsula, and would give Bulgaria too great a predominance. It is impossible to say that Serbia was right in this matter, and it is hard to say that she was entirely wrong; for, as every one knew, the question was one of obtaining the proper boundaries for the Christian populations of Macedonia. Any one who has studied and travelled through that country can tell approximately what those boundaries are; but patriotism and the desire for domination led astray all the three governments interested therein. When the Macedonian question shall come to a solution, if priests and consuls can for a while be suppressed, a popular vote will soon tell where the boundaries should run. The real cause of this war was as simple as it was absurd. The River Timok, forming part of the boundary between Serbia and Bulgaria, foolishly changed its course at Brégovo, and left a bit of land on its eastern bank which Serbia claimed and occupied. Zánkof, when he was Regent during the absence of the Prince, saw fit to quarrel with the Serbian Government and to demand the immediate evacuation of these few square yards of sand and gravel. The Prince, on his return, seeing the absurdity of the whole dispute, and forgetting, perhaps, that he had given up his dictatorial powers, pledged his word to King Milan that the Serbian rights should be acknowledged, subject to future arrangement. Upon this, Koyánder, the Russian agent, enters on the scene, and says: "If I were a Bulgarian I should commit suicide rather than give up the

rights of my country to this pusillanimous Serbian monarch." Koyánder then goes to Zánkof, and persuades him to throw over the honor of the Prince and support the dignity of the country.

When Serbia thus declared war, all the world said: "Bulgaria is now between the hammer and the anvil, and will be beaten flat." All the world was mistaken. In some way—the history is too recent to need recital—Bulgaria was victorious. The terms of peace, or perhaps one should say more strictly, of the armistice, were arranged by the military agents of the Great Powers; and, in consideration of the great advantage gained by Bulgaria, Serbia was let off easily, and the disputed river-bank was given to her, though Russia afterward protested. But then, as one of the diplomatic *attachés* remarked to Prince Alexander, "at Slívnitza you conquered Eastern Rumelia." This was really true. The diplomatic conference at Constantinople began again; at which Russia was supported not only by Germany, but, curiously enough, by Austria-Hungary, in her efforts to maintain the exact letter of the Treaty of Berlin, and prevent Prince Alexander from exercising authority in Eastern Rumelia. It was only owing to the efforts of Sir William White, by far the ablest and best-informed man in the British diplomatic service, that the union of Eastern Rumelia with Bulgaria was recognized as a matter of fact, though not of right; that is to say, the Prince of Bulgaria was allowed to be at the same time Governor-General of Eastern Rumelia, subject to all the restrictions and conditions of the Treaty of Berlin. It was hard for the Prince to humble his pride and that of his people by consenting to be appointed thus, only for five years at a time; but, in view of the pressure of united Europe, with great good sense he gave way. This was the utmost that Russia would concede, and the story of how it was brought about makes even the Blue Books and the Protocols of the conference read like acts of an amusing diplomatic comedy. The relations between Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia have, however, never conformed to the principles laid down, for their separate administrations had been already fused together immediately after the revolution, and have not since been separated. Rumelian deputies, too, have sat in the Bulgarian Chamber, and this practical unification has given Russia the right to say that the existing state of things does not conform to the Treaty of Berlin, and to argue, with some color of truth, that nothing which has since been done in Bulgaria is legal, according to that document.

It ought probably to be ascribed to the reverence with which Russia now regards this treaty, once so much hated, and not to petty motives, that the Russian officers were recalled from the Bulgarian service just at the time when their presence was most necessary; and that Prince Alexander's name, to punish him for taking part in a revolution against the peace of Europe, was struck from the rolls of the Russian army, where he held an honorary colonelcy. Russian calculations were sadly disappointed; Bulgarian troops apparently fought as well without Russian officers as with them. As usual the best was made of it, and an order of the day was issued at St. Petersburg complimenting the brave Bulgarian troops on the way in which they had profited by their Russian teachers, but saying, of course, not a word about the Prince. The intention was, as plain as words could speak, to show that Russian hostility was directed not against the country but against the person of Alexander. Meanwhile negotiations for peace and for the Bulgarian unification had dragged on until the spring of 1886, and no perceptible progress had been made in the ruin of Prince Alexander, nor in detaching his people from him. Yet there were symptoms of unrest and agitation, and the Prince wrote at this time to his sister, in a sudden feeling of despair, which accentuates the occasional weakness of a really noble nature:

"The Bulgarians have little heart; it seems to be impossible to make them contented. But after all I have done, to have got so far again as to be threatened with deposition is hard, is undeserved. All bad suggestions are indeed always consequences of foreign insinuations; but the Bulgarians ought to be now old enough to be able to distinguish their true from their false friends. In present circumstances it is hard to foresee how the struggle begun by Russia for my expulsion will end. Ninety-nine per cent. of the Bulgarians are for me; the remaining one per cent., thanks to foreign help, depends on circumstances that I cannot always control. . . . Until autumn my throne will be like a loaded dynamite bomb."

The Prince was right. The Russians had made many mistakes in their dealings with Bulgaria, but these affected only the relations between the two peoples, and the world thought and cared little about them. Russia was now engaged in a series of capital blunders —blunders that are worse than crimes. By the Serbian war she had allowed the Bulgarians to become interesting, as a brave people fighting for independence, and the Prince to become a hero; she was now about to make the Prince a martyr, and draw to him the sympathies of the whole civilized world; and later she was to do worse yet, to show an astonished Europe that the Bulgarians were perfectly

capable of governing themselves in a regular, decent way, and that when all Russian protection and intercourse, agents, consuls, officers, and officials, were withdrawn, the country was quieter and happier than it had ever been before.

In ascribing to Russia the blame for the abdication of the Prince, one cannot be certain of anything in the uncertain East—how short a time since one said the changeless East—but Russia, if not to blame for it, might easily have prevented it. If all witnesses are wrong, she has been much maligned. That a plot for the capture of the Prince was approved, known, or even suspected by high or responsible authorities in St. Petersburg cannot be believed for a moment; but agents who are allowed a certain degree of latitude, and who know that their merit will be judged according to their success, are often indiscreet both in plan and method, and sometimes do not scruple at the means employed to carry out what may be thought a great stroke of policy. The question here was to get rid of Prince Alexander, and Prince Alexander was made away with. The story is so well known that we need not here enter into details; but in the general blindness which affected the Russian official intellect with regard to Bulgaria—so clear-sighted in most other things—no one suspected the resolution and energy of a few men who seized at once the key of the situation, recalled the ordinarily apathetic Bulgarians to a sense of duty, and brought Prince Alexander back in triumph. Worn out by fatigue and emotion, the Prince immediately after his return was led into an act of weakness, though under the circumstances he considered it an act of duty, which was at once regretted by his friends, by Bulgaria, and by the world. The Russian Consul was present in full official uniform at his landing at Rustchuk, and complimented him on his return. Supposing that the Consul had acted in compliance with orders, and that this conduct was a sort of *amende honorable* to lull any suspicions of Russia's fair dealing that might have arisen in his mind from defective information, the Prince sent to the Tsar a humble—far too humble—telegram, offering to abdicate should the Emperor think it best. Official Russia sent in the name of the Tsar a telegram so brutal as to be almost sublime:

"I received the telegram of your Highness. I cannot approve your return to Bulgaria, foreseeing the sinister consequences it may bring to the Bulgarian country already so much tried. The mission of General Dolgorúky becomes inopportune. I shall suppress it in the wretched state of affairs to which Bulgaria is reduced so long as you remain there. Your Highness will understand what to do. I reserve my judgment as to what I am commanded by the venerated memory of my father, the interest of Russia, and the peace of the East. ALEXANDER."

Before this answer had been received by the Prince, who was on his triumphal progress over the Shipka Pass, both telegrams had been printed in the Russian official journal, and had been read wherever the telegraph reached and a daily newspaper existed, even on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. After having been formally re-installed in Sofia, the Prince abdicated, having previously appointed a Regency. But although there was no Prince, the same state of affairs continued, and some of the men against whom the Russian agents had been so bitter, as the Camarilla, the clique, the Prince's bad advisers, or insignificant creatures, according to the peculiar phrase of each reporter, still remained in power. The Russian anger against Alexander now turned against Bulgaria.

Now, with all my sympathies with Bulgaria, this Russian feeling seems to me perfectly natural and easily explicable. All that is necessary to do is to reverse the glass. When from Moscow or St. Petersburg we look through the big end of the telescope, we see Bulgarian men and affairs in probably their proper proportions. Russia is a great country, Bulgaria is a small one. With the great amount of internal work for the whole Russian Empire in Europe and Asia, with delicate questions of foreign affairs all over the world, it would be difficult for any branch of the Russian Government to pay great attention to the petty affairs of Bulgaria. What might really be a great fault in Bulgaria might seem venial in St. Petersburg. Besides it is difficult for a Russian, or for one who understands Russia, not to feel that Russia is a very great country with an unlimited future and a manifest destiny; and that, therefore, a few mistakes here and there count for nothing in the end. They may be disagreeable for the moment and entail unpleasant consequences; but all will be rectified by time, and time is on the side of Russia. Nevertheless men really live in the present, and are influenced by the passions and emotions of the moment. When, therefore, manifest destiny seems thwarted, if only for a moment, there is an outburst of irrational anger; the more trifling the cause, the smaller the obstacle, the more irrational and often the more violent the anger. The Russians feel themselves impelled and sure to reach the shores of the Mediterranean, their natural outlet. Bulgaria is but a station on the road to the Ægean. If Russia had fought for it and lost it in a fair battle, as several times before, well and good: such is the fate of war. But when either from selfish or unselfish motives, or from both combined, you have sacrificed lives and spent treasure, and then run the risk of

losing all that you have gained, there is a feeling of rage which must be vented on some one. Such was the feeling which took possession of Russia when all the advantages gained by the war of 1877 seemed to slip away from the feeble grasp of Gortchakóf and Shuválof. It was a feeling impossible to express at home; because criticism of high dignitaries is not allowed in Russia. As time went on, and the Bulgarians did not always show themselves amenable, as we have already seen, this rage began to vent itself against Prince Alexander. Once this scape-goat was set up, he proved very serviceable. The faults of all the Russian officials were laid on the back of the poor Prince; and we know he was finally sent off into the wilderness with his burden. No man, no body of men, no country, likes to acknowledge faults, even when aware of having committed them. In all constitutional countries confession is avoided and a vent is found by laying the blame of all errors on the party in power. But in Russia party government is unknown; and, owing to the strict rules laid down for the press, there is no way for public opinion to lay blame on the official to whom it attaches. Besides this, the effects of blunders are soon seen, but it is not always easy to tell when the blunder was committed, or by whom. This is especially true here. Bulgaria had absolutely no method of stating her case in Russia, except by the private letters of the Prince to the Tsar; all other information came from Russian sources, either in the shape of official reports of the men who themselves had committed the blunders, of letters of newspaper correspondents in their service, or from the hints and insinuations of Russian officers who did not find Bulgaria to be an earthly paradise, or members of the ring who had been disappointed in their financial schemes. For every fault only one man was to blame—the Prince, and he was neither Slav nor orthodox; he was young and inexperienced; had committed follies and had undeniably made mistakes. Therefore he was a traitor to Russian interests; therefore he was a tool of Austria and Germany, and was guided by Protestant and even by Catholic influences. The mind of the Tsar, the opinion of all Russia, were poisoned against him; until Aksákof, who had been his friend, wrote in his paper of the danger to the Slav cause of having a German Prince upon the Bulgarian throne, and Kátkof regretted in the *Moscow Gazette* that Russia had not founded small republics in the Balkan provinces, instead of allowing kingdoms and principalities to spring up, and be ruled by ungrateful men. With all their talk about race and religion, it seems

curious that the Russians never noticed that but two of the apostles whom they sent bore in their names signs of Slavonic descent, or of the orthodox confession, Hítrovo and Sóbolef. The rest were Russian subjects, of course, but by race Greek, Swede, and German; and by religion apparently Lutheran.

We ought, perhaps, to understand this state of things easier than most, for within a few years after France had helped us to gain our independence we had quarrelled with her, and were near fighting her; and the French have never yet quite comprehended why we were so ungrateful. Perhaps an example can be invented to make us understand more thoroughly the Russian feelings about Bulgaria. If such a supposition is possible, let us suppose that at some period of great tension we, partly in an outburst of pure philanthropy and very greatly for our own interest, helped Cuba to become independent of Spain; and that in doing so we ran up a large debt and successfully prosecuted a bloody and exhausting war. Let us suppose, too, that after the war we did not find it convenient to annex Cuba, although we promised the island our moral, and, if need be, our material, support; and did our best to put it in the way of governing itself. Let us suppose, then, that the Cubans disliked our constant advice and interference, perhaps objected to the brusque notes of our Consul-General at Havana—and we know how disagreeable these might sometimes be; that they disliked the schemes of New York companies for exploiting the country, in which they were allowed no shares; or perhaps, even, that they were discontented with our protective tariff, and began to knit still more closely their commercial relations with England. In such a state of things can any one for a moment think that we would bear it with equanimity, or that we would not act even more energetically and brutally than Russia has done in Bulgaria? It would be very wrong, of course; but human nature is much the same all the world over.

Owing, as we have seen, to the sudden revulsion of public feeling, the departure of Prince Alexander left his friends in power; and Russia had gained nothing except the mere removal of the Prince. Morally she had lost much. She therefore refused to recognize the Regency, or, finally, any act of the Bulgarian Government. The Russian consulates did their best to produce quarrels and disorders, but without much effect. General Kaulbars was sent down from Vienna to appeal to the true Bulgarian people, and detach them from the Regency. He was given every opportunity to fulfil his

mission; but the Bulgarians showed admirable tact and patience, and his incendiary speeches and acts produced little impression. He and the other Russians were protected from insult, and order was, on the whole, fairly well preserved. Out of deference to Russia, the other powers did not interfere; and the Bulgarians were left to do as they best could without more than friendly counsel. The mission of General Kaulbars produced universal indignation throughout Europe, but not a hand was raised in defence of the Bulgarians. Even Russia finally saw the folly and futility of the whole proceeding, and with a solemn admonition withdrew all her consuls, and broke off all political intercourse with the Bulgarians, leaving them to work out their own destruction. Russian subjects in the country were placed under the protection of Germany; and, as if by magic, the attacks on the life and property of Russians, which, according to the Russian official reports, had been of almost daily occurrence, now suddenly and entirely ceased. There have been various attempts to incite insurrections in parts of the country, at Rustchuk, at Varna, at Burgas; but all have failed. Order is still kept, although, according to all the Russian journals, the country is in a state of complete anarchy. Fortunately we know what this term means: anarchy, said the *Novoye Vremya*, is derived from two Greek words, $\alpha$, without, and $\grave{\alpha}\rho\chi\acute{\eta}$, a government—a regular, recognized, established government. Now, as the so-called Government of Bulgaria has never been recognized by Russia, the country is in a state of anarchy. One could scarcely believe such a statement to be seriously made, had it not been printed in a solemn leader in November, 1886.

The view taken by Russia of the legality and constitutionality of the acts of the Bulgarian Government is different from that of the other powers. The third article of the Treaty of Berlin reads as follows:

"The Prince of Bulgaria shall be freely elected by the population and confirmed by the Sublime Porte, with the assent of the powers. No member of the reigning dynasties of the Great European Powers may be elected Prince of Bulgaria.

"In case of a vacancy in the princely dignity, the election of the new Prince shall take place under the same conditions, and with the same forms."

Now, the Russians apparently claim that the phrase, "under the same conditions, and with the same forms," should put back Bulgaria, for the purpose of the election of the Prince, into exactly the same position as before the election of Alexander, when the country

was under Russian tutelage, and governed by Russian commissioners, as was provided for in Article VI. More than this, they claim that, as the Regency was not composed in strict accordance with the letter of the Bulgarian Constitution, it was illegal; and that, therefore, every Government and every governmental act since that time has been tainted with the same illegality. The argument is a consistent one and not without weight. The other powers—excepting perhaps Germany, which reserves her opinion—maintain that the provisional Russian tutelage, even according to the terms of the treaty, could last but nine months; and that the forms and conditions referred to relate only to the free election by the people and the assent by the Powers. They hold that the constitutionality of the Regency—which has long been a thing of the past—and the proper election of members of the various legislative and constituent bodies, are purely internal questions with which neither Russia nor any other Power has anything whatever to do. Russia replies that, legality not having been preserved, the election of the Prince has not been free according to the treaty; while the other Powers are of opinion that "freely elected" simply means elected by the Bulgarians without any external pressure.

In this sense, both the election of Prince Waldemar and that of Prince Ferdinand were free. The election of Waldemar of Denmark, the brother-in-law of the Tsar, was an honest attempt to come to an understanding with Russia, as Waldemar was believed to be a favorite at the Russian court and his candidature had several times been hinted. Knowing that Russia regarded his election as illegal, Prince Waldemar declined the offer of the throne. Before the second election, it became evident that the choice must fall on some one who had resolution enough to accept, and energy enough to remain. There was talk of a Prince of Saxe-Weimar, and of a Prince of Mecklenburg, both of whom seemed to possess these qualities, and who, besides, might, through their intimate relationships with the Russian Imperial family, have succeeded in the end in rendering the situation normal. But these very connections might prove a hindrance; and it was decided—it seems wisely—to elect Prince Ferdinand. He was young, he had an independent fortune, he was not too closely connected with any reigning house, but yet came of two families remarkable for governing capacity—Coburg and Orleans. He was a Catholic, but then the Catholic King Carol had made the fortune of Rumania; and after all there were more

Catholics than Protestants in Bulgaria. It would be indiscreet to tell here how this election was brought about, but it has apparently been justified by events.

The withdrawal of the Russian officials, combined with the absence of intervention by any Power, has given the Bulgarians a splendid opportunity—which they have not failed to take advantage of—that of learning to govern themselves and to manage their own affairs. It is for their patience, their forbearance under provocation, their order, their self-discipline, their quiet, that Europe now accords them a respectful hearing and is daily more willing to accept accomplished facts. While the Great Powers were once willing to grant to Russia a privileged position in Bulgaria according to what Prince Bismarck calls "the spirit of the Treaty of Berlin," they are now more inclined to hold to the letter of the document, and say that neither the material nor the moral force of Europe can be employed to restore to Russia a "preponderating influence" which she has lost by her own errors. The chief cause of this has been the attitude of the Bulgarian people. Before the election of Prince Ferdinand both Count Kálnoky and Herr Tisza said to me what they have since practically said in public: "Bulgaria has a wonderful opportunity of showing that she can be of use to the peace of Europe. The better order she maintains, and the longer she keeps quiet, the more friends she will make. Up to the present we are compelled to regard her with admiration and respect."

What was then a wish, or a feeling of duty, is now a resolve, and Austria-Hungary is determined to allow no interference in the Balkan Provinces which will result in the upsetting of order. "But," says Russia, "there can never be peace in the East until the Bulgarian question is arranged." "For us," answer the Bulgarians, "there is no Bulgarian question; all that we demand is peace, quiet, our autonomy, and the right to develop ourselves. We are in strict accordance with our rights. We have elected a Prince in exact conformity to treaty-stipulations; when you consent to ratify his election, the whole Bulgarian question is at an end."

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

## THE AMERICAN PARTY CONVENTION.

AMERICAN political development has been marked by many characteristic features, but perhaps the one which seems to a foreign observer most peculiar is that of the American system of party conventions. It is not the easiest of tasks to comprehend the American system of government, combining in one so many phases of government, Federal, State, and local, each with its own sphere of operations and its own basis of existence. The task is not made easier by the existence and influence of parallel unofficial party organizations, consisting of national, State, and local conventions, which, though unknown to the law and to the political system of the country, do in effect control the action of the individual voter by practically restricting his choice to the candidates of some one of the party conventions. The election of an "independent" candidate at a Presidential election has now probably become quite impossible. The development of a third political organization has become but a shade less difficult, through the increased number of voters; and the most practicable road of a third party to success is by penetrating one of the two great national organizations, as the petrifying liquid penetrates wood, in order to change its composition gradually, and finally to supplant the old by the appearance of the new. The battle of a third party must really be fought out within the ranks of, or openly against, one of the two great national parties before it can have any recognizable effect upon national politics; and the same rule holds good, in decreasing degree, as we go down the scale of elections to the town or village election. The choice of the individual citizen, at least in national elections, must now be between the two great parties, with the possible alternative of "voting in the air." And yet the conventions, which have so seriously modified the original theory of our government, have no legal place in our system. A foreign reader might study any of our treatises on constitutional law with due diligence, and yet never receive an intimation that, in addition to the paper constitution which he is studying, a subsidiary system has been developed by silent popular action, controlling and often modifying the nominally supreme law of the land.

Party organization in the smaller units of government still retains all the forms, at least, of a pure democracy. The Democratic or the Republican caucus, or "primary," meets and nominates its candidates for the offices to be filled at the coming local election; and the individual citizen must choose between them or "scratch," though an "independent" nomination has its best chances in this field. For other elections, county, State, or national, the system of representation is followed, the town caucus sending delegates to the county and State conventions, and the districts sending delegates to the national convention, either directly or through the formal action of the State convention. There is even a system of representation once removed, for the State conventions often choose a part, and have sometimes chosen all, of the State's delegates to the party's national convention. The whole organization of the party is often spoken of as the party "machine," but improperly. In the technical language of politics this word has been transferred from the real machinery to its motive power. The party "machine" consists of that small percentage of men in each township who, through wealth, natural taste for politics, or skill in noting or guiding the shifting currents of popular feeling, have become essential to party success: cases have even been known in which women, debarred from participation either in government or in party conventions, have, nevertheless, been efficient members of the party machine. The reward of such service is sometimes, of course, money or money's worth, particularly in large cities; but it is more often purely honorary, consisting in the natural satisfaction of leadership among one's fellows, in the chief places at local meetings and caucuses or on delegations to larger conventions, or in the temporary prominence due to one who has, or is supposed to have, "influence" upon appointments to State or Federal offices in the immediate neighborhood.

The last-named reward was of much more weight in the days when the Senate's field of control or influence over Federal appointments was wider than now. By judicious management, by overt consultation with members of his State machine in every fitting case of the filling of a vacancy, by carefully cultivating in them a sense of his watchful leadership and of the necessity of loyalty to him, the senator from his place in Washington could so influence the general expression of his party's feeling throughout the State as to convince the Administration of his importance, and thus gain a continual renewal of his lease of power by his control of appointments to

Federal offices within his State. But such appointments did not go necessarily to members of the party machine, many of whom were richer men than the senator, and altogether disinclined to accept the trouble and responsibility of an office; all that they cared for was the reflected glory of control over the appointments. Each State has two senators, and, when both were on good terms with the Administration, and both were ambitious men, the efforts of one to supplant the other in the affections of the State machine gave rise to political struggles whose history will never be written.

The power of the once famous "Senatorial Group" has faded, and, as the tendency is all toward a still further limitation of senatorial control over appointments to office, it is unlikely that it will have a successor. It has been mentioned for the purpose of emphasizing the exact nature of the doubts which, in the minds of many Americans, have been the strongest obstacles to Civil-Service Reform. There has never been much doubt among men who have thought at all on the subject, that appointments on merit would increase the efficiency of the service, as well as obliterate the standing injustice of the payment of party expenses by general taxation. There has been a doubt whether the system of appointment by merit would not operate to decrease the machine's interest in politics, and thus take the working element out of the political parties. This doubt, however, has very often been so expressed as to leave the American people open to the disgraceful suspicion that the guiding force of their politics consists of mere Hessians, who pay themselves in offices and are in politics for revenue only. Nothing could be more unjust than such a suspicion; outside of the large cities, the desire of the machine is to control appointments, rather than to obtain them; and its existence, so far from being mercenary, is merely a lower type of that human ambition which looks so much grander in Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons. But, even though this interest in appointments has not been altogether a selfish interest, it has hitherto been so much the principal interest as to seem the only one; and we are apt to forget that it has been due to the opportunities afforded by a vicious system of appointment, rather than to anything inherent in the nature of a machine, and that thorough Civil-Service Reform would only bring into greater prominence the less degrading motives, which are still largely in abeyance. Call it by what name we will, a machine of some sort is inseparable from democratic government; and Civil-Service Reform would purify rather than abolish it.

Of course, the machine runs through all gradations of type, from the ordinary case in which it is composed of a few able and sincere men, whose leadership is due to moral influences only, through the cases in which hotel and saloon keepers have attained the position of leaders, down to the cases in the large cities, in which the member of the machine becomes a "boss," and is in politics for revenue only. It is this last type which has given the machine its offensive notoriety. Under it, the caucus becomes a farce; the voters of the party are excluded from it, or are made to see that their attendance is useless; the "bosses" of opposite parties in the same district loan their cohorts of "heelers" to one another in order to secure the control of the caucuses to the regular hands; and the interest of the managers *is* due to present or prospective appointment to office. As this city type comes most closely under the notice of our ablest writers, and has absolutely no redeeming features, it is natural that it should be so frequently denounced as to give the impression that it is the only type. It ought to be remembered, then, that the field for such a type covers at most but 25 per cent. of the country; that it has not penetrated largely into the remaining 75 per cent. of more peculiarly agricultural territory; and that every restriction of the spoils system has evidently diminished the extent of the old "boss" system, replacing some of its atoms by new men who are not in politics for revenue, but who approach more and more nearly to the naturally evolved type of the machine. It is the latter type, therefore, to which attention should be confined, ignoring the "boss" type as the product of the purely artificial spoils system, and destined to disappear with it.

The natural evolution of the machine, and of the party convention as its correlative, may be followed most clearly in the State of New York, partly because of the characteristics and development of the people of that State, and partly because of the State's good fortune in its political historian, or rather biographer. Hammond* is the Boswell of New York politics. A sincere believer in machine politics, a practical participant in political life, and a thoroughly honest and clear observer, without any affectation of political philosophy, he has left materials which are invaluable to the student. One may follow in his pages the appearance of step after step in the process of evolution, and trace the inevitable tendency to concentration which found its natural outcome in Mr. Tilden's perfectly

* Hammond's *Political History of New York.*

appointed mechanism, with its thousands of correspondents, scattered all over the State, and serving mainly for the love of it, not for mercenary reward. One may see that the very name "machine" is a misnomer; that it is not a manufactured thing, but a natural growth. And one may see, too, that such a machine, while it will inevitably use a spoils system, if it has one ready to its hand, or will be apt to create one, if it is not prevented by law, is not necessarily bound to the spoils system at all. The spoils system is the machine's temptation, not its life; its parasite, not its core. The belief that the machine will work less effectively when the parasite is removed, however honestly the belief may be held, is one which will not bear the test of the historical evolution of the machine itself.

Mr. Talcott Williams has stated * the historical basis of the machine so clearly and exactly that other students of the American convention system must follow his theory. The successive steps in the process of development have had their reason in the increase of population, the widening of the right of suffrage and consequent increase of the percentage of voters, the resulting necessity for a small unofficial class sufficiently interested in politics to give their time and attention to the essential work of polling all the votes, and the increased facility of communication and exchange of views among the members of this class. Given these conditions precedent, the evolution of the machine and the convention system is only a question of time and of the political habits of the people. It is easy to follow the development of the convention system, if one has the clew, and to note the coincidences in its development with the successive increases of population and voters, and with the successive introduction of steamboats, canals, railways, cheaper postage and better postal facilities, and finally of the telegraph, all leading up to the highly organized national party convention of to-day, whose membership may safely dare the test of comparison, in point of reputation and ability, with either house of Congress, or with any other representative American body, short of the Convention of 1787. One can hardly follow the development without the conviction that the machine is not a thing to be condemned, but to be purified by due process of law from the vicious elements which have grown up around it, and more particularly from the spoils system.

Various origins and derivations have been assigned for the caucus

* Lalor's *Cyclopædia*, iii., 112.

and for its name; but the thing itself was probably a natural outgrowth of the New England town-meeting, no more to be prevented than any other natural outgrowth. Within a half-dozen years after the inauguration of the Federal Constitution in 1789, "legislative caucuses," composed of members of one party or the other in the State legislatures, had assumed by common consent the duty and responsibility of making State nominations for the party, and of managing the details of elections. So long as difficulty of communication made it easier for the individual voter to accept the action of the legislative caucus than to unite with others in attempting to exert an influence upon the party councils, the legislative caucus was supreme. Its form was imitated at once in the "Congressional caucus," which began its work in the Presidential election of 1800, and, by nominating party candidates for President and Vice-President, deprived Presidential electors, immediately, absolutely, and permanently, of that power of personal choice of candidates which the Constitution had given them. Every elector chosen in 1888 will still have, in theory, the right to vote for whom he pleases for the offices of President and Vice-President: in practice, the moral force of party action has been so omnipotent that no elector has exercised or claimed any such right of choice since 1796.* One could hardly wish a better example of the futility of paper restrictions on popular government, when the restrictions are opposed to the current of political development.

The introduction of the steamboat in 1807 gave just enough impetus to communication to make men dissatisfied with the original form of the legislative caucus, without providing any promising remedy for its defects. It had merely become a little easier for influential members of the party in various parts of the State to go to Albany, or Harrisburg, or Providence, and exert an influence on, or show dissatisfaction with, the decisions of the legislative caucus.

* The election of John Adams to the Presidency in 1796–7 was due to the fact that one elector in Virginia and one in North Carolina exercised their right of choice, and, "prompted by the lingering memory of Revolutionary services," voted for Adams instead of Jefferson. If they had obeyed the wish of their party, by voting for Jefferson, he would have had 70 votes to 69 for Adams, and would have become President in 1797, instead of in 1801. It seems odd now to read the apologies of Elbridge Gerry, chosen an elector in Massachusetts, to his party leader, for having voted for his old friend Adams rather than for him; and perhaps more odd to read Jefferson's answer: "I entirely commend your dispositions toward Mr. Adams, knowing his worth as intimately and esteeming it as much as any one, and acknowledging the preference of his claim, if any I could have had, to the high office conferred on him."

One feature of this body was especially objectionable: those districts of the State which were represented in the Legislature by members of the opposite party were practically excluded from any direct influence upon the party councils; and it was not to be expected that this state of affairs would be satisfactory to the leading men of unrepresented districts. Sometimes the legislative caucus ignored the unrepresented districts, or gratified their leaders by unofficial consultations. Upon occasions when the dissatisfaction became too great to be ignored with safety, various expedients were tried from 1812 to 1820: sometimes the names of distinguished citizens from all parts of the State who "happened to be present" at the State capital at the time of the action of the caucus, would be added to the signatures attached to the address or "platform" sent out by the caucus; sometimes representatives chosen by caucuses in the unrepresented districts met with the legislative caucus and took full part in its deliberations and action.

This latter method contains too plainly the germ of the present convention system to admit of any surprise at the development of the State convention about 1820. All that was necessary was that the caucuses in represented districts should claim the same privilege of choosing their own representatives to the nominating body which had again and again been conceded to unrepresented districts. In 1823, the system had already been carried so far in Pennsylvania that the legislative caucus was deprived of its previous function of making nominations. The State convention of that year was a representative body; there were thirteen names before the 131 delegates, and a candidate for governor was not agreed upon until the fourth ballot.* The next year,† the followers of the Albany Regency in New York having the majority in the legislative caucus, their opponents called a similar State convention at Utica for the purpose of nominating a governor. From that time the power of the legislative caucus faded rapidly in all the States. The unofficial machine, which had been developing, preferred very naturally a State convention, in which local leaders could meet and define the policy of the party in a brief session, to the necessity of serving a whole term in the Legislature for the purpose of gaining a place in the legislative caucus; and members of the Legislature yielded perforce to the wishes of the really dominant element of the party

* Niles's *Weekly Register*, xxiv., 20 (March 15, 1823).

† Hammond's *Political History of New York*, ii., 156.

organization. Until after 1832, the legislative caucus still attempted to maintain its old claims to the privilege of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, at first in opposition to the Congressional caucus, and then in opposition to the newly established national conventions; but the new influences introduced by the railway soon gave the national convention the same advantage over the legislative caucus which the State convention had shown; and legislative caucuses, as nominating bodies for elective offices, ceased to be.

The rise of the State convention could not but have an immediate influence on local conventions. Incidental references in Hammond * show that the system of local conventions in counties and senatorial districts was already in operation before 1820, though they had not yet attained the complete organization which was soon to come. They had grown naturally out of the mass-meetings which at first made nominations for town and village elections. Nominations for county officers and State senators were made by similar mass-meetings in the more important centres of population, and the people of the outlying territory could do little more than accept them, though there were, no doubt, occasional revolts. As facility of communication increased, bringing with it the possibility of united action among the influential men of the outlying territory, it became necessary to conciliate them by admitting them to a place in the nominating body; and here also the American tendency to organization soon began to make the county and district conventions representative. The tendency was hastened by the internecine warfare waged within the Democratic party of New York, after 1816, between the "Bucktails," or Tammany Hall men, † and the Clintonians. The struggle was carried into the counties and districts, and the necessity thus imposed upon each faction of excluding from its conventions those who were in sympathy with its opponent had led to a more careful scrutiny of credentials and a more complete organization of the primary caucuses.‡ The whole system was thus pre-

* See, for example, i., 473.

† Compare the well-known lines:

"There's a barrel of porter in Tammany Hall,
And the Bucktails are swigging it all the night long.
In the time of my childhood 'twas pleasant to call
For a seat and cigar 'mid the jovial throng."

‡ The indications are scattered through Hammond's first volume, from page 459 to the end.

pared for the addition of its cap-stone, the State convention; but this latter, in turn, must have exerted a strong reflex influence on the whole system. There was now in existence a representative body, far enough removed from the individual voter to give its decisions a great weight of authority, and to give the seal of "regularity" to the local bodies whose representatives it should admit. The State organization of the modern American party was now complete, and has not been materially changed since.

The new system must have had a strong influence on the unofficial machine as well. The development of the convention system had either accompanied, or been caused by, a corresponding development of that coterie of Democratic leaders in New York which long went under the name of the Albany Regency. For twenty years or more after 1820, it held the recognized leadership in its party organization, numbering among its members such men as Van Buren, Marcy, Silas Wright, John A. Dix, Edwin Croswell, A. C. Flagg, and Dean Richmond. This was probably the best type of the machine which has been seen, though it was pushed hard by the rival machine which grew up under direction of Thurlow Weed. In the hands of such men, the State convention was just the instrument needed. In the brief and hurried session of a State convention, where there were no such opportunities as in the longer life of a legislature for delegates to confer and unite in action, power fell naturally and easily into the hands of the few men who had a State reputation, who had the prestige of general success, who were acting in conjunction, and who showed no great indications of mercenary motives, and the cords of their influence ran down through the State convention into every part of the party organization.

The Presidential election of 1828 proved the strength of the organization which the Regency had built up in New York, and the skill with which they managed it. Their candidate for President had been Crawford, until the failure of his health, after the election of 1824, removed him from the field. From that time until September 26, 1827, the Regency maintained profound silence as to its choice between Adams and Jackson, and kept the party under like restraint. So rigidly were these injunctions enforced, says Hammond, "that several individuals, fascinated with the personal character of General Jackson, who openly declared their preference for him, were at least silently rebuked and partially put in political coventry by the same class of men who had themselves at that time

fully determined that General Jackson was to be their candidate." * On the date above given, the Regency's first resolutions in favor of Jackson were sent out through Tammany Hall. "The effect," says Hammond, "was prodigious. All the machinery, the construction of which had for two years put in requisition the skill and ingenuity of Mr. Van Buren and his friends at Albany, was suddenly put in motion, and it performed to admiration." It was strong enough to carry the Legislature, elect Van Buren Governor, and secure for Jackson a majority of the State's electors, who were then chosen by districts. It was a natural result that Jackson, on his inauguration, should make Van Buren his Secretary of State, and that the Regency's methods should now find a national field for their development.

Every circumstance at the beginning of Jackson's administration tended to a national development of the convention system. The election of the President had broken up all the old lines of party division; there were old Federalists in hearty support of the Democratic President, and Alexander Hamilton's son was his confidential agent; while many of his professed followers were Protectionists or Internal Improvement men, who might easily be alienated from him. There had not been time to organize a homogeneous party. The Congress in session in 1831 had been elected while it was still doubtful whether Jackson was to accept a renomination; and its Protectionist members were not satisfied with Van Buren's Delphic utterances on the subject which was nearest to them. It could hardly have been quite certain that the claims of Jackson himself would have been passed upon without cavil in a Congressional caucus. He might have relied safely on nominations from State legislative caucuses, which were now reviving their former efforts to claim the power of nomination in Presidential elections; but such a course could not have insured the nomination of Van Buren for the Vice-Presidency, on which Jackson had set his heart. The Albany Regency had formerly been among the strongest supporters of a Congressional caucus; now its members seem to have seen new light, for the legislative caucus at Albany, March 21, 1832, protesting against "the attempts of the opposition to embarrass and distract the Democracy of the country in the selection of a candidate for the office of Vice-President," in order to "prevent an elec-

* Hammond, ii., 253, 258.

tion by the people and to devolve the choice upon the Senate," recommended a national convention as a mode of choice "well calculated to unite the Democracy of the country and to insure success to the cause of the Administration." The meeting of the first Democratic national convention at Baltimore, May 21, 1832, following those of the Anti-Masons and National Republicans, at the same place, in September and December, 1831, completed for the future the form of a national party in the United States, by adding the national convention to the State organizations already formed. Subsequent development of the national convention only consisted in the perfecting of the forms which are clearly visible in the first national conventions, more particularly in the Jackson-Van Buren convention.

The tendencies of the Democratic party toward the State foundation of the American Federal system, as contrasted with the nationalizing tendencies of its opponents, have been seen very plainly in its type of the national convention. It gives the privilege of voting to delegates from States only; its Republican opponent has regularly given a vote to delegates from Territories also, and territorial delegates have decided the nomination for President in two of its national conventions (1876 and 1880). In a Democratic convention, the action of the State, either the instructions of the State convention to its delegates or the vote of the majority of the State delegation to cast the vote of the State as a unit, without regard to the wishes of the minority, has been regarded as final and authoritative; Republican conventions have maintained the district delegate's right to free voice, and have repudiated State instructions and the unit rule, the principle being well expressed by a delegate in the convention of 1880, who said that he "carried his sovereignty under his own hat." The governing principle of Democratic conventions is open to at least one serious objection, that narrow majorities of State delegations, even from States which the party evidently cannot carry in the election, may unite their State votes and thus secure the nomination of a candidate who is objectionable to the mass of the party. The corrective is the famous "two-thirds rule" of Democratic conventions, requiring a nomination to be made by two-thirds of the convention, not by a simple majority. This is often said to have been introduced in the convention of 1844, for the purpose of defeating Van Buren; in fact, it is a necessary corrective to the unit system of State voting, and has been the steady

rule in Democratic conventions, the first of which, in 1832, provided that "two-thirds of the whole number of the votes in the convention shall be necessary to constitute a choice."* Many Republican politicians have always had a hankering for the system of Democratic conventions; and the first struggle in the convention of 1880 was that of the supporters of Grant to introduce some of the preliminary details of the Democratic system. If it had been successful, the next convention would have been compelled, almost as a matter of course, to adopt the "two-thirds rule;" but the whole system was alien to the atmosphere of a Republican convention, and the attempt to introduce it was a failure.

The fundamental objection to the convention system has always been that the sessions are so short that the delegates have no real opportunity for consultation, knowledge of one another, and comparison and reconciliation of views. Weighty as the objection is, the force is being taken out of it steadily as facility of communication increases. Every four years see an increasing proportion of the business of a convention done before its meeting, so that the delegates arrive with a clearer knowledge of the conditions which they are to meet, and less liable to surprise or manipulation by any clique of managers. This process has evidently tended, not to the extinction of a national machine, but to the betterment of its composition, as higher demands have been made upon it. The time has already come when a national convention will no longer submit to the guidance of fourth-rate, or even third-rate men; and the tendency seems to be toward the increasing influence of second-rate, and, finally, of first-rate leaders. A comparison of Von Holst's bitter description of the Whig national convention of 1840† with the general conduct of the national conventions of 1888 will show the decided difference which the natural development has brought about.

It is easy to find flaws in the system, even in its highest development; it has not been so easy to suggest a working substitute for it as an expression of the desires of a national party. Every third party aims instinctively at this form of representative organization, and any failure to reach it provokes the popular verdict expressed in the reply attributed to President Grant, when he was told of the numbers and high character of the mass-convention of the Liberal

* Niles's *Weekly Register*, xlii., 234 (May 26, 1832).

† Von Holst's *Constitutional History* (Translation), ii., 366.

Republicans in 1872: "Yes, I have no doubt they were *all of them there.*" A convention, to be representative, seems to have only this road of development. The national development of religious organizations, of benevolent and other associations, of every interest in which national representation is an essential, tells the same story: a machine of some sort and a convention system appear together and develop together. A system which is so generally and instinctively adopted by a people should surely be taken as having, at least, a *prima facie* case in its favor.

The future of the convention system will, of course, turn very largely on the influence which is to be exerted upon it by the general adoption of the Australian method of voting, which shows so many indications of becoming our future system. Though the primary aim of the Australian method is to do away with bribery, corruption, and intimidation at elections, it contains what is practically a substitute for, or a rival to, the convention, in the provision for nominations by a specified number of citizens, to be printed on the government ballot. Prophecies are always dangerous, and more than usually so in such a case as this. It may be that the new method of balloting will effect little more than the destruction of the element of pure democracy in the primary caucuses, making the ordinary nomination through government agency the rule in the lower grades of elections, and giving us some more highly organized form of the convention for the more general elections. It may be, on the other hand, that the American party convention is near its end, and is soon to have a place only in political history. If so, it will always be worthy of study, either as a case in which popular institutions have evolved a method of control over a paper constitution, or for the singular regularity with which its form has been developed, from the "caulkers'" meeting of Boston to the great national convention of to-day.

ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

## THE DUTY ON WORKS OF ART.

"I WOULD call your attention to the fact that no nation claiming to be civilized imposes duties upon works of art at all commensurate with those levied under the tariff of the United States."

These words of the Secretary of State accompany a report to the last Congress on the customs duties imposed by foreign nations, and they invite inquiry into some aspects of the present law and an estimate of its effects during the five years it has been in operation. The only works of art recognized in the United States tariff are paintings in oil or water-colors, and statuary—the professional productions of sculptors; all other works of art are printed matter, collections of antiquities, or manufactures of wood, leather, metal, or other material; and it is only since 1872 that the importations of paintings and statuary have been considerable enough to lift these objects out of the commonplace category of "all other dutiable articles" into a separate classification by themselves in the reports of the Treasury Department.

The tariff of 1857, like that of 1846, admitted paintings and statuary free of duty, and when the necessities of the war demanded the raising of revenue from every available source, a duty of only 10 per cent. was placed upon these articles, in 1861. The attitude of the Government, therefore, so far as expressed in legislation, has been through a long term of years one of encouragement, or at least of toleration, toward the fine arts. When a reduction of the public revenue became a necessity, determined efforts were made during several years by American artists at home and abroad to have the duty removed altogether; but, to their surprise and chagrin, the tariff of 1883 instead of abolishing the duty tripled it—the 10 per cent. rate was raised to 30 per cent. Such a change of policy, which was not the fruit of discussion, could not have been effected by a separate measure even had Congress been so disposed; but, slipped at the eleventh hour into the multitudinous sections of a general tariff bill, hurriedly passed in the last moments of an expiring Congress and signed at midnight, the provision for an increase of the duty was a law before those most interested were aware that any

such action was even contemplated. The Mills Bill, therefore, by placing paintings and statuary on the free list in accordance with the repeated recommendations of the President and of his predecessor, is attempting no experiment; it merely aims to restore an enlightened and traditional policy toward works of art as instruments of education.*

At the present day, when no project for expending the public funds is too extravagant to be advanced, the necessity for the comparatively trifling revenue derived from this source will not be seriously urged as a reason for maintaining the duty. If the tax is defended as a measure of assistance or protection to American artists, it is but fair to give weight to their judgment in a matter so closely affecting their interests. The opposition among them to even a low duty was general and firm; the repugnance with which they regard the present duty is all but universal. After the new law had been in operation for eighteen months the Art Committee of the Union League Club of New York undertook to procure an expression of opinion on the subject from American artists and teachers of art. Out of 1,281 replies received from artists, 1,197, or 93 per cent., favored free art, 18 favored partial restrictions, 33 a specific duty, 26 the old duty of 10 per cent., and only 7 the present rate. Of the teachers of art about 97 per cent. favored the removal of the duty. These classes alone can be supposed to be benefited by the tax, and they alone could be injured by its removal, yet we are confronted with the singular spectacle of a large, intelligent, meritorious, and not wealthy class of workers who have little leisure or disposition for taking united action in a matter of this sort, protesting earnestly and with practical unanimity against the "protection" that is forced upon them.

The American artists, besides recognizing the value of art works, of whatever origin, in cultivating the taste and spreading the love of art, are wise enough and shrewd enough to know that the patronage of art is a practice to be encouraged. The picture-buying habit grows with indulgence, and the man who once buys even the product of the pauper studios of Europe is much more likely to patronize American art than he who has never been led into temptation. The American artists, furthermore, are many of them under

* After this article was put in type the Democratic caucus removed works of art from the free list of the Mills Bill. The question of the tax is likely to be brought before the House of Representatives when the clause is reached in the discussion of the bill.

great obligations to foreign governments for free instruction and for the use of galleries and collections, and they are naturally embarrassed that the favors lavished upon them should be so ill requited. They shrink from the odium that is visited on those in whose supposed interest this tax is exacted. Their position is contradictory and anomalous. They go thousands of miles from home to study; they show application, industry, and capacity; they win prizes and honors at the annual exhibitions. In every personal and private way, and with the utmost delicacy and generosity (reaching even to the extent among architects of establishing at Paris a prize for exclusive competition among French students), American artists have shown their devotion to art and their grateful appreciation of benefits received; while at the same time, in their supposed interest, the United States Government lays a tax upon foreign objects of art which the Secretary of State declares is not equalled by that of any state claiming to be civilized.

Any duty upon objects of this nature is a discouragement to the patronage of art, and places a kind of stigma on those who are really doing a public service. Miss Wolfe last year left to the Metropolitan Museum, in New York, a collection of paintings valued at $400,000. They are an ornament to the city, a source of pride to its citizens, an attraction to strangers, an inspiration and a lesson to artists and students. There is many a town in Europe, with less costly treasures, that American travellers go miles out of their way to visit. At the present rate of duty the gathering of a collection similar to Miss Wolfe's would entail upon the collector a tax of $120,000. It can readily be apprehended how such a tax, if it did not prove altogether prohibitory, would diminish the probability of the collector's giving or bequeathing his possessions to the public. A conspicuous illustration in point is the portrait by Rembrandt, entitled "Le Doreur," owned by Mr. Schaus. The owner paid more than $12,000 for the privilege of bringing this incomparable work of art into the country; yet its masterly execution has been an invaluable lesson to every artist who has seen it, and the community is honored by having it in the land. Surely no native artist has suffered by reason of its being here, or has been benefited by the huge sum in which its possessor has been mulcted. A year or so ago it was reported that an original Raphael, of great merit and value, was held for sale in Chicago. At once it was discovered that no work of the character had paid duty at the Custom-house, and it became

necessary to investigate the charge. "Hunt the Raphael down!" was the cry; but when the criminal was run to earth, the picture proved to be a copy of no value, and the complaint against the offender was dismissed. As long as he was thought guilty of introducing a genuine Raphael into the country he was in the position of a malefactor, but as soon as it was shown that he had only a worthless daub, or a deliberate forgery, he was acquitted of all blame. The only Raphael of undoubted authenticity and real importance that has been exhibited in this country was the Munro Madonna, loaned for a season to the New York Museum. It was privately offered here for about $50,000, but the burden of the tax prevented a sale, and the painting returned to England.

Concerning the effects of the increase of the duty, it is difficult to make an estimate, save in a general way. The Treasury reports take no note of the quality of works of art, or of the number of those that would have come to this country, if the duty had been removed instead of raised. But the figures for the last few years are worth considering. The interval between the passage of the present law and the date of its taking effect was marked, as was to be expected, by an unprecedented increase in importations, and the period immediately following the change by as noticeable a decrease. The average annual importations for the eight years, 1872 to 1879, inclusive, had been about $1,130,000, the highest amount reached being in the Centennial year. The figures for the ensuing years tell their own tale:

Under 10 per cent. duty.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1880, | $2,104,565 |
| 1881, | 2,221,881 |
| 1882, | 2,800,583 |
| 1883, | 3,128,593 |

Under 30 per cent. duty.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1884, | $830,801 |
| 1885, | 1,383,697 |
| 1886, | 946,958 |
| 1887, | 2,332,436 |

The report for nine months of the current year shows a falling off again of more than a quarter (28.7 per cent.) compared with the importations during a similar period of last year. That is to say, the importations for four years subsequent to the increase of the duty are some 46 per cent. less than for a like period immediately before. It is impossible to draw any strict conclusions, even from figures

so significant as these, for works of art are not subject to the same economic conditions as the ordinary articles of commerce; but the unavoidable inference is that at least a million dollars a year less are now spent for works of art than, under a more liberal policy, would probably have been expended. Have the American artists been benefited to that, or to any appreciable, extent? There is no evidence of it whatever, and their restlessness under present conditions is proof that they do not regard themselves as beneficiaries but as victims of the law.

It seems certain from the experience of those best competent to speak that the tax has borne most oppressively on the best class of art works. Individual buyers are deterred by the enormous expense added to the actual price, and dealers are unwilling to risk investment in high-class works that may be left on their hands. The importations, moreover, would seem to be confined to a smaller number of buyers, for, of course, as the tax is increased the less wealthy are the first to cease buying, and it first becomes prohibitory with those least able to bear it. Its inevitable tendency is to check the cultivation of art, and, so far as it may do so, to confine the influence of art to the rich. A tax which does not aid the artists in whose interest it is professedly laid, which adds no very considerable amount to an overflowing treasury, which prohibits all but the most wealthy from purchasing foreign works of art and mulcts them roundly for doing so, is a vindictive and unreasonable tax. It robs Peter and does not pay Paul; it is biting the nose without even spiting the face.

The increase in the duty has, further, resulted in attracting to this country a large number of foreign artists, who have come over for a few months to paint their pictures here and thus evade the duty. English, French, Hungarian, German, they have flocked to our shores and hastily gathered in their harvest. The American artists have extended them a welcome, have lent them studios, and aided them in the search for American dollars, knowing that, if their wares are worthy, there is something to be learned from them, and that a man who buys a foreign art-product is not less likely on that account to patronize the domestic article.

One of the minor annoyances of the present condition is the fact that a work on which duty has been paid, if sent out of the country, cannot be re-imported without paying duty a second time. A most interesting and instructive class of exhibitions has been held recently,

at which the earlier and later works of a single master are gathered to illustrate his growth and development. The works of J. F. Millet and Alma Tadema and their peers have been collected from every country, but American possessors of their works cannot lend them for these purposes; and, like the artists, they acquire a reputation for selfishness and meanness that they have done nothing to deserve. And sometimes the prohibition is felt in a closer way. Suppose a person owns some fine tapestries on which a heavy duty has been paid, and they are in need of restoration. There are no workmen in this country competent to work upon them. They cannot be sent to Europe without being subjected to a second duty of half their value on the return, and skilled workmen cannot be sent for to do the work here, because that would be a violation of the law prohibiting the importation of contract labor! And so a noble work of art must rot on the walls.

These inconsistencies and incongruities, which could be multiplied indefinitely, are sufficient illustrations of the hardships attending a hasty and surreptitious piece of legislation in defiance of a long-established and enlightened policy. The resumption of that policy will place us more closely in accord with the liberal views that lead every "nation claiming to be civilized" to extend to the fine arts encouragement and approbation as engines of education, as influences making for refinement and decency. "In order that the artistic capacities of a nation should be largely developed," says Mr. Lecky, "it is necessary that the great body of the people should come in frequent contact with artistic works, and that there should be institutions securing the means of artistic education." Great strides have been made in this direction in the United States through the enterprise and public spirit of individuals. Our schools of artist-artisanship afford to thousands of young men and women an opportunity to gain honest and worthy livelihoods in an engaging and elevating sphere. Workers in iron and brass, carvers and decorators can make higher wages, when to thorough workmanship they add some knowledge of the principles of art and some acquaintance with the best examples of all times and ages. A liberal interpretation of the law providing for the free admission of antiquities has removed a great obstruction to fine-art growth by facilitating the acquisition of the best models and standards of preceding centuries. Under this clause it has been decided by a court that silver of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is exempt from duty, and a ruling of the

Treasury Department, some eighteen months ago, brought down the limit as to pictures from the middle ages to the year 1700. All produced before that are antique, all later are competitors of the domestic artist. Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish masters can now be brought into the United States without payment of a disastrous fine; but Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Turner, not to speak of living artists, remain under the ban. As there are no manufacturers of antiquities to be protected, it would be a great boon to the fine arts and no interference with commerce to admit free of duty all commodities (except wines) more than thirty years old, as is already the case with books.

Among the nations or colonies claiming to be civilized that admit works of art free are Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, the Netherlands, Italy, Sweden, Great Britain, India, New South Wales, and Victoria. Russia imposes a tax of 30 cents per 36 pounds on certain statuary, but includes pictures, curiosities, and articles "not having the usual qualifications of merchandise" on the free list. China has a tax of 5 per cent. on works of art, if for sale; and Turkey charges 40 cents a pound on pictures and allows the importation of 20 pounds of statuary for a dollar. Portugal collects 5 per cent. on paintings and 1 per cent. on statues, and Spain gets a specific duty of 19 cents off every picture and 7 cents off every 10 pounds of statuary imported. Hawaii and Corea collect 10 per cent. ad valorem, New Zealand 15, and Canada, following a bad example, 20. Mexico, however, only exacts 52 cents per kilogram of paintings and 8 cents per kilogram of statuary, Honduras lays a tax of $1.20 a pound on all "art," Nicaragua 41 cents a pound (on paintings), San Salvador 5 per cent. ad valorem, and Ecuador 4 cents a pound. Three or four South American republics having a high rate would probably not fall within the secretary's category of "nations claiming to be civilized."

H. MARQUAND.

## NEW YORK AFTER PARIS.

No American not a commercial or otherwise hardened traveller can have a soul so dead as to be incapable of emotion when, on the return from a long trip abroad, he catches sight of the low-lying and insignificant Long Island coast. One's excitement begins, indeed, with the pilot-boat. The pilot-boat is the first concrete symbol of those native and normal relations with one's fellow men, which one has so long observed in infinitely varied manifestation abroad, but always as a spectator and a stranger, and which one is now on the eve of sharing himself. As she comes up swiftly, white and graceful, drops her pilot, crosses the steamer's bows, tacks and picks up her boat in the foaming wake she presents a spectacle beside which the most picturesque Mediterranean craft with colored sails and lazy evolutions appear mistily in the memory as elements of a feeble and conventional ideal. The ununiformed pilot clambers on board, makes his way to the bridge, and takes command with an equal lack of French manner and of English affectation distinctly palpable to the sense sharpened by long absence into observing native characteristics as closely as foreign ones. If the season be right, the afternoon is bright, the range of vision apparently limitless, the sky nearly cloudless, and by contrast with the European firmament almost colorless, the July sun such as no Parisian or Londoner ever saw. The French reproach us with having no word for "*patrie*" as distinct from "*pays*;" we have the thing at all events, and cherish it, and it needs only the proximity of the foreigner, from whom in general we are so widely separated, to give our patriotism a tinge of the veriest Chauvinism that exists in France itself. We fancy the feeling old-fashioned, and imagine ours to be the most cosmopolitan, the least prejudiced temperament in the world. But the happening of any one of a dozen things unexpectedly betrays that our cosmopolitanism is in great measure, and so far as sentiment is concerned, a veneer and a disguise. Such a happening is the very change from blue water to gray that announces to the returning American—"Americanized" by Europe, as Emerson says—the nearness of that country which he sometimes thinks he prizes more for

what it stands for than for itself. It is not, he then feels with a flood of emotion, that America is home, but that home is America. America comes suddenly to mean what it never meant before.

Unhappily for this exaltation, ordinary life is not composed of emotional crises. It is ordinary life with a vengeance which one encounters in issuing from the steamer dock and facing again his native city. Paris never looked so lovely, so exquisite, to the sense as it now appears in the memory. All that Parisian regularity, order, decorum, and beauty into which, although a stranger, your own activities fitted so perfectly that you were only half conscious of its existence, was not, then, merely normal, wholly a matter of course. Emerging into West Street amid the solicitations of hackmen, the tinkling jog-trot of the most ignoble horse-cars you have seen since leaving home, the dry dust blowing into your eyes, the gaping black holes of broken pavements, the unspeakable filth, the line of red brick buildings prematurely decrepit, the sagging multitude of telegraph wires, the clumsy electric lights depending before the beer saloon and the groggery, the curious confusion of spruceness and squalor in the aspect of these latter, which also seem legion,—confronting all this for the first time in three years, say, you think with wonder of your disappointment at not finding the Tuileries Gardens a mass of flowers, and with a blush of the times you have told Frenchmen that New York was very much like Paris. New York is at this moment the most foreign-looking city you have ever seen; in going abroad the American discounts the unexpected —returning after the insensible orientation of Europe the contrast with things recently familiar is prodigious, because one is so entirely unprepared for it. One thinks to be at home and finds himself at a spectacle. New York is less like any European city than any European city is like any other. It is distinguished from them all—even from London—by the ignoble character of the *res publicæ* and the refuge of taste, care, wealth, pride, self-respect even, in private and personal regions. A splendid carriage, liveried servants without and Paris dresses within, rattling over the scandalous paving, splashed by the neglected mud, catching the rusty drippings of the hideous elevated railway, wrenching its axle in the tram-track in avoiding a mountainous wagon-load of commerce on this hand and a garbage cart on that, caught in a jam of horse-cars and a blockade of trucks, finally depositing its dainty freight to pick their way across a sidewalk eloquent of official neglect and private contumely to a shop door or

a residence stoop—such a contrast as this sets us off from Europe very definitely and in a very marked degree.

There is no palpable New York in the sense in which there is a Paris, a Vienna, a Milan. You can touch it at no point. It is not even ocular. There is instead a Fifth Avenue, a Broadway, a Central Park, a Chatham Square. How they have dwindled, by the way. Fifth Avenue might be any one of a dozen London streets in the first impression it makes on the retina and leaves on the mind. The opposite side of Madison Square is but a step away. The spacious hall of the Fifth Avenue Hotel has shrunk to stifling proportions. Thirty-fourth Street is a lane; the City Hall a bandbox; the Central Park a narrow strip of elegant landscape, whose lateral limitations are constantly forced upon the sense by the Lenox Library on one side and a monster apartment house on the other. The American fondness for size—for pure bigness—needs explanation, it appears; we care for size, but inartistically; we care nothing for proportion, which is what makes size count. Everything is on the same scale; there is no play, no movement. An exception should be made in favor of the big business building and the apartment house which have arisen within a few years, and which have greatly accentuated the grotesqueness of the city's sky-line as seen from either the New Jersey or the Long Island shore. They are perhaps rather high than big; many of them were built before the authorities noticed them and followed unequally in the steps of other civilized municipal governments, from that of Rome down, in prohibiting the passing of a fixed limit. But bigness has also evidently been one of their architectonic motives, and it is to be remarked that they are so far out of scale with the surrounding buildings as to avoid the usual commonplace, only by creating a positively disagreeable effect.

Still another reason for the foreign aspect of the New Yorker's native city is the gradual withdrawing of the American element into certain quarters, its transformation or essential modification in others, and in the rest the presence of the lees of Europe. At every step you are forced to realize that New York is the second Irish and the third or fourth German city in the world. However great our success in drilling this foreign contingent of our social army into order, and reason, and self-respect—and it is not to be doubted that this success gives us a distinction wholly new in history—nevertheless our effect upon its members has been rather in the direction of development than of assimilation. We have given them our opportunity, permitted

them the expansion denied them in their own several feudalities, made men of serfs, demonstrated the utility of self-government under the most trying conditions, proved the efficacy of our elastic institutions on a scale truly grandiose, but evidently, so far as New York is concerned, we have done this at the sacrifice of a distinct and obvious nationality. To an observant sense New York is nearly as little national as Port Said. It contrasts absolutely in this respect with Paris, whose assimilating power is prodigious; every foreigner in Paris eagerly seeks Parisianization.

Ocularly, therefore, the "note" of New York seems that of characterless individualism. The monotony of the chaotic composition and movement is, paradoxically, its most abiding impression. And as the whole is destitute of definiteness, of distinction, the parts are, correspondingly, individually insignificant. Where in the world are all the types? one asks one's self in renewing his old walks and desultory wanderings. Where is the New York counterpart of that astonishing variety of types which makes Paris what it is morally and pictorially, the Paris of Balzac as well as the Paris of M. Jean Béraud. Of a sudden the lack of nationality in our familiar literature and art becomes luminously explicable. One perceives why Mr. Howells is so successful in confining himself to the simplest, broadest, most representative representatives, why Mr. James goes abroad invariably for his *mise-en-scène* and often for his characters, why Mr. Reinhart lives in Paris, and Mr. Abbey in London. New York is this and that, it is incontestably unlike any other great city; but compared with Paris its most impressive trait is its lack of that organic quality which results from variety of types. It has only the variety of individuals which results in monotony. It is the difference between noise and music. Pictorially the general aspect of New York is such that the mind speedily takes refuge in insensitiveness. Its expansiveness seeks exercise in other directions—business, dissipation, study, aestheticism, politics. The life of the senses is no longer possible. This is why one's sense for art is so stimulated by going abroad, and one's sense for art in its freest, frankest, most universal and least special, intense, and enervated development is especially exhilarated by going to Paris. It is why, too, on one's return one can note the gradual decline of his sensitiveness, his severity—the gradual atrophy of a sense no longer called into exercise. "I had no conception before," said a Chicago broker to me one day in Paris with intelligent eloquence, "of a finished city!" Chicago undoubtedly presents a greater

contrast to Paris than does New York, and so perhaps better prepares one to appreciate the Parisian quality, but the *returned* New Yorker cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the finish, the organic perfection, the elegance and reserve of the Paris mirrored in his memory. Is it possible that the uniformity, the monotony of Paris architecture, the prose note in Parisian taste, should once have weighed upon his spirit? The present writer was once riding on the top of a Paris tram-car, betraying his understanding of English by reading an American newspaper, when that sub-consciousness of moral isolation which the foreigner feels in Paris, as elsewhere, was suddenly and completely destroyed by a next neighbor, who remarked with contemptuous conviction and a Manhattan accent: "When you've seen one block of this infernal town you've seen it all!" He was sure of sympathy in advance. Probably few New Yorkers would have differed with him. The universal light stone and brown paint, the wide sidewalks, the asphalt pavement, the indefinitely multiplied kiosks, the prevalence of a few marked kinds of vehicles, the uniformed workmen and workwomen, the infinite reduplication, in a word, of easily recognized types, is at first mistaken by the New Yorker for that dead level of uniformity which is of all things in the world the most tiresome to him in his own city. After a time, however, he begins to realize three important facts: in the first place these phenomena, which so vividly force themselves on his notice that their reduplication strikes him more than their qualities, are of a quality altogether unexampled in his experience for fitness and agreeableness; in the second place they are details of a whole, members of an organism, and not they but the city which they compose, the "finished city" of the acute Chicagoan, is the spectacle; in the third place they serve as a background for the finest group of monuments in the world. On his return he perceives these things with a melancholy, *a non lucendo* luminousness. The dead level of Murray Hill uniformity he finds the most agreeable aspect in the city.

And the reason is that Paris has habituated him to the exquisite, the rational pleasure to be derived from that organic spectacle, a "finished city," far more than that Murray Hill is respectable and appropriate, and that almost every other prospect, except in spots of very limited area which emphasize the surrounding ugliness, is acutely displeasing. This latter is certainly very true. We have long reproached ourselves with having no art commensurate with our distinction in other activities, resignedly attributing the lack to our

hitherto necessary material pre-occupation. But what we are really accounting for in this way is our lack of Titians and Bramantes. We are for the most part quite unconscious of the character of the American æsthetic substratum, so to speak. As a matter of fact we do far better in the production of striking artistic personalities than we do in the general medium of taste and culture. We invariably figure well at the *Salon*. At home the artist is simply either driven in upon himself, or else awarded, by a naïve *clientéle*, an eminence so far out of perspective as to result unfortunately both for him and for the community. Accused of building an ecclesiastical savings-bank, the soundest architect we have replies, "Let them give me a cathedral to build, then!" Meanwhile the city gets an ecclesiastical savings-bank—on the rare occasions when it gets anything as good—and the community's sense for order and symmetry, for form and fitness, suffers in consequence. And these, as I say, are the exceptions. The general aspect of the city is characterized by something far less agreeable than mere asymmetry: it is characterized mainly by an all-pervading bad taste in every detail into which the element of art enters or should enter—that is to say nearly everything that meets the eye.

However, on the other hand, Parisian uniformity may depress exuberance, it is the condition and often the cause of the omnipresent good taste. Not only is it true that, as Mr. Hamerton remarks, "in the better quarters of the city a building hardly ever rises from the ground unless it has been designed by some architect who knows what art is, and endeavors to apply it to little things as well as great," but it is equally true that the national sense of form expresses itself in every appurtenance of life as well as in the masses and details of architecture. In New York, our noisy diversity not only prevents any effect of *ensemble* and makes, as I say, the old commonplace brown-stone regions the most reposeful and rational prospects of the city, but it precludes also in a thousand activities and aspects the operation of that salutary constraint and conformity without which the most acutely sensitive individuality inevitably declines to a lower level of form and taste. *La mode*, for example, seems scarcely to exist at all; or at any rate to have taken refuge in the chimney-pot hat and the *tournure*. The dude, it is true, has been developed within a few years, but his distinguishing trait of personal extinction has had much less success and is destined to a much shorter life than his appellation, which has wholly lost its

original significance in gaining its present popularity. Every woman one meets in the street has a different bonnet. Every street-car contains a millinery museum. And the mass of them may be judged after the circumstance that one of the most fashionable Fifth Avenue *modistes* flaunts a sign of enduring brass, announcing "English Round Hats and Bonnets." The enormous establishments of men's ready-made clothing seem not to have made as yet their destined impression in the direction of uniformity. The contrast in dress of the working classes with those of Paris is as conspicuously unfortunate æsthetically as politically and socially it may be significant; ocularly it is a substitution of a cheap, faded and ragged imitation of *bourgeois* costume for the marvel of neatness and propriety which composes the uniform of the Parisian *ouvrier* and *ouvrière*. Broadway, below Tenth Street, is a forest of signs which obscure the thoroughfare, conceal the buildings, overhang the sidewalks, and exhibit severally and collectively a taste in harmony with the Teutonic and Semitic enterprise which they attest. The shop-windows' show, which is one of the great spectacles of Paris, is niggard and shabby; that of Philadelphia has considerably more interest; that of London nearly as much. Our clumsy coinage and countrified currency; our eccentric book-bindings; that class of our furniture and interior decoration which may be described as American rococo; that multifariously horrible machinery devised for excluding flies from houses and preventing them from alighting on dishes, for substituting a draught of air for stifling heat, for relieving an entire population from that surplusage of old-fashioned breeding involved in shutting doors, for rolling and rattling change in shops, for enabling you to "put only the exact fare in the box;" the racket of pneumatic tubes, of telephones, of elevated trains; the practice of reticulating pretentious façades with fire-escapes, in lieu of fire-proof construction; the vast mass of our nickel-plated paraphernalia; our zinc cemetery monuments; our comic valentines and serious Christmas cards, and grocery labels, and "fancy" job printing and theatre posters; our conspicuous cuspidors and our conspicuous need of more of them; the "tone" of many articles in our most popular journals, their references to each other; their illustrations; the Sunday panorama of shirt-sleeved ease and the week-day fatigue costume of curl papers and "Mother Hubbards" general in some quarters; our sumptuous new bar-rooms, decorated perhaps on the principle that *le mauvais gout mène*

*au crime*—all these phenomena, the list of which might be indefinitely extended, are so many witnesses of a general taste, public and private, which differs cardinally from that prevalent in Paris.

In fine, the material spectacle of New York is such that at last with some anxiety one turns from the external vileness of every prospect to seek solace in the pleasure that man affords. But even after the wholesome American reaction has set in and your appetite for the life of the senses is starved into repugnance for what begins to seem to you an unworthy ideal, after you are patriotically readjusted and feel once more the elation of living in the future owing to the dearth of sustenance in the present, you are still at the mercy of perceptions too keenly sharpened by your Paris sojourn to permit blindness to the fact that Paris and New York contrast as strongly in moral atmosphere as in material aspect. You become contemplative and speculate pensively as to the character and quality of those native and normal conditions, those relations which finally you have definitely resumed. What is it—that vague and pervasive moral contrast which the American feels so potently on his return from abroad? How can one define that apparently undefinable difference which is only the more sensible for being so elusive? Book after book has been written about Europe from the American stand-point—about America from the European stand-point. None of them has specified what everyone has experienced. The spectacular and the material contrasts are easily enough characterized, and it is only the unreflecting or the superficial who exaggerate the importance of them. We are by no means at the mercy of our appreciation of Parisian spectacle, of the French machinery of life. We miss or we do not miss the Salon Carré, the view of the south transept of Notre Dame as one descends the Rue St. Jacques, the Théâtre Français, the concerts, the Luxembourg gardens, the excursions to the score of charming suburban places, the library at the corner, the convenient cheap cab, the manners of the people, the quiet, the climate, the constant entertainment of the senses. We have in general too much work to do to waste much time in regretting these things. In general, work is, by natural selection, so invariable a concomitant of our unrivalled opportunity to work profitably, that it absorbs our energies, so far as this palpable sphere is concerned. But what is it that, throughout the hours of busiest work and closest application, as well as in the preceding and following moments of leisure and the occasional intervals of relaxation, makes every one vaguely perceive the vast moral

difference between life here at home and life abroad—notably life in France? What is the subtle influence pervading the moral atmosphere in New York which so markedly distinguishes what we call life here from life in Paris or even in Pennedepie?

It is, I think, distinctly traceable to the intense individualism which prevails among us. Magnificent results have followed our devotion to this force; incontestably we have through it spared ourselves both the acute and the chronic misery for which the tyranny of society over its constituent parts is directly responsible. We have, moreover, in this way not only freed ourselves from the tyranny of despotism, such, for example, as is exerted socially in England and politically in Russia, but we have undoubtedly developed a larger number of self-reliant and potentially capable social units than even a democratic system like that of France, which sacrifices the unit to the organism, succeeds in producing. We may truly say that, material as we are accused of being, we turn out more *men* than any other nationality. And if some Frenchman points out that we attach an esoteric sense to the term "man," and that, at any rate, our men are not better adapted than some others to a civilized environment which demands other qualities than honesty, energy, and intelligence, we may be quite content to leave him his objection and to prefer what seems to us manliness to civilization itself. At the same time we cannot pretend that individualism has done everything for us that could be desired. In giving us the man it has cheated us of the *milieu*. Morally speaking, the *milieu* with us scarcely exists. We are making sensible strides in this direction, no doubt. The clubs, wealth, leisure, and other agencies are noticeably making us more homogeneous. But, nevertheless, as yet our difference from Europe does not consist in the difference between the European *milieu* and ours; it consists in the fact that, comparatively speaking of course, we have no *milieu*. If we are individually developed, we are also individually isolated to a degree elsewhere unknown. Politically we have parties which, in Cicero's phrase, "think the same things concerning the republic," but concerning very little else are we agreed in any mass of any moment. The number of our sauces is growing, but there is no corresponding diminution in the number of our religions. We have few communities. Our villages, even, are apt to be aggregations. There is hardly, speaking strictly, an American view of any phenomenon or class of phenomena. Every one of us likes, reads, sees, does what he chooses. Often

dissimilarity is affected as adding the piquancy of paradox. The judgments of the ages, the consensus of mankind, exercise no tyranny over the individual will. Do you believe in this or that, do you like this or that, are questions which, concerning the most fundamental matters, nevertheless form the staple of conversation in many circles. We live all of us apparently in a divine state of flux. The question asked at dinner by a lady in a neighboring city of a literary stranger, "What do you think of Shakspere?" is not exaggeratedly peculiar. We all think differently of Shakspere, of Cromwell, of Titian, of Browning, of George Washington. Concerning matters as to which we must be fundamentally disinterested we permit ourselves not only prejudice but passion. At the most we have here and there groups of personal acquaintance only, whose members are in accord in regard to some one thing, and quickly crystallize and precipitate at the mention of something which is really a corollary of the force which unites them. The efforts that have been made in New York within the past twenty years to establish various special *milieus*, so to speak, have been pathetic in their number and lack of results. Efforts of this sort are of course doomed to failure, because the essential trait of the *milieu* is spontaneous existence, but they emphasize the mutual repulsion which keeps the molecules of our society from uniting. How can it be otherwise where life is so speculative, so experimental, so wholly dependent on the personal force and idiosyncrasies of the individual? How should we accept any general verdict pronounced by persons of no more authority than ourselves, and arrived at by processes in which we are equally expert? We have so little consensus as to anything, because we dread the loss of personality involved in submitting to conventions, and because personality operates centrifugally alone. We make exceptions in favor of such matters as the Copernican system, and the greatness of our own future. There *are* things which we take on the credit of the consensus of authorities, for which we may not have all the proofs at hand. But as to conventions of all sorts, our attitude is apt to be one of suspicion and uncertainty. Mark Twain, for example, first won his way to the popular American heart by exposing the humbugs of the Cinquecento. Specifically the most teachable of people, eager for information, Americans are nevertheless wholly distrustful of generalizations made by any one else, and little disposed to receive blindly formularies and classifications of phenomena as to which they have

had no experience. And of experience we have necessarily had, except politically, less than any civilized people in the world.

We are infinitely more at home amid universal mobility. We want to act, to exert ourselves, to be, as we imagine, nearer to nature. We have our tastes in painting, as in confectionery. Some of us prefer Tintoretto to Rembrandt as we do chocolate to cocoa-nut. In respect of taste it would be impossible for the gloomiest sceptic to deny that this is an exceedingly free country. "I don't know anything about the subject [whatever the subject may be], but I know what I like," is a remark which is heard on every hand, and which witnesses the sturdiness of our struggle against the tyranny of conventions and the indomitable nature of our independent spirit. In criticism the individual spirit fairly runs a-muck; it often takes its lack of concurrence as credentials of impartiality. In constructive art every one is occupied less with nature than with the point of view. Mr. Howells himself displays more delight in his naturalistic attitude than zest in his execution, which, compared with that of the French naturalists, is, in general, faint-hearted enough. Every one writes, paints, models, exclusively the point of view. Fidelity in following out nature's suggestions, in depicting the emotions nature arouses, a sympathetic submission to nature's sentiment, absorption into nature's moods and subtle enfoldings are extremely rare. The artist's eye is fixed on the treatment. He is "creative" by main strength. He is penetrated with a desire to get away from "the same old thing," to "take it" in a new way, to draw attention to himself, to shine. One would say that every American nowadays who handles a brush or designs a building was stimulated by the secret ambition of founding a school. We have in art thus, with a vengeance, that personal element which is indeed its savor, but which it is fatal to make its substance. We have it still more conspicuously in life. "What do you think of him or her?" is the first question asked after every introduction. Of every individual we meet we form instantly some personal impression. The criticism of character is nearly the one disinterested activity in which we have become expert. We have for this a peculiar gift, apparently, which we share with gypsies and money-lenders, and other people in whom the social instinct is chiefly latent. Our gossip takes on the character of personal judgments rather than of tittle-tattle. It concerns not what So-and-So has done, but what kind of a person So-and-So is. It would hardly be too much to say that So-and-So never leaves a group of which he is not an intimate without being immedi-

ately, impartially, but fundamentally, discussed. To a degree not at all suspected by the author of the phrase, he "leaves his character" with them on quitting any assemblage of his acquaintance.

The great difficulty with our individuality and independence is that differentiation begins so soon and stops so far short of real importance. In no department of life has the law of the survival of the fittest, that principle in virtue of whose operation societies become distinguished and admirable, had time to work. Our social characteristics are inventions, discoveries, not survival. Nothing with us has passed into the stage of instinct. And for this reason some of our "best people," some of the most "thoughtful" among us have less of that quality best characterized as social maturity than a Parisian washer-woman or *concierge*. Centuries of sifting, ages of gravitation toward harmony and homogeneity, have resulted for the French in a delightful immunity from the necessity of "proving all things" remorselessly laid on every individual of our society. Very many matters, at any rate, which to the French are matters of course, our self-respect pledges us to personally examine. The idea of sparing ourselves trouble in thinking occurs to us far more rarely than to other peoples. We have certainly an insufficient notion of the superior results reached by economy and system in this respect. Naturally, thus, every one is personally pre-occupied to a degree unknown in France. It is not necessary that this pre-occupation should concern any side of that multifarious monster we know as "business." It may relate strictly to the paradox of seeking employment for leisure. Even the latter is a terribly conscious proceeding. We go about it with a mental deliberateness singularly in contrast with our physical precipitancy. The self-consciousness of the unit is fatal, of course, to the composure of the *ensemble;* and with us nearly every one seems acutely self-conscious. The number of people intently minding their Ps and Qs, reforming their orthoëpy, practising new discoveries in etiquette, making over their names, and in general exhibiting that activity of the amateur known as "going through the motions," to the end of bringing themselves up, as it were, is very noticeable in contrast with French oblivion to this kind of personal exertion. Even our simplicity is apt to be *simplesse*. And the conscientiousness in educating others displayed by those who are so fortunate as to have reached perfection nearly enough to permit relaxation in self-improvement, is only equalled by the avidity in acquisitiveness displayed by the learners themselves. Meantime the com-

posure born of equality, as well as that springing from unconsciousness, suffers.

But it is mainly "business," perhaps, that accentuates our individualism. The condition of *désœuvrement* is positively disreputable. It arouses the suspicion of acquaintances and the anxiety of friends. Occupation to the end of money-getting is our normal condition, any variation from which demands explanation as little likely to be entirely honorable. Such occupation is, as I said, the inevitable sequence of the opportunity for it, and is the wiser and more dignified because of its necessity to the end of securing independence. What the Frenchman can secure merely by the exercise of economy, is with us only the reward of energy and enterprise in acquisition—so comparatively speculative and hazardous is the condition of our business. And, whereas with us money is far harder to keep, and is, moreover, something which it is far harder to be without, than is the case in France, the ends of self-respect, freedom from mortification, and getting the most out of life, demand that we should take constant advantage of the fact that it is easier to win. Consequently every one who is, as we say, worth anything, is with us adjusted to the prodigious dynamic condition which characterizes our existence. And such occupation is tremendously absorbing. Our opportunity is fatally handicapped by this remorseless necessity of embracing it. It yields us fruit after its kind, but it rigorously excludes us from tasting any other. Every one is engaged in preparing the working drawings of his own fortune. There is no coöperation possible, because competition is the life of enterprise.

In the resultant manners the city illustrates Carlyle's "anarchy, plus the constable." Never was the struggle for existence more palpable, more naked, and more unpictorial. "It is the art of mankind to polish the world," says Thoreau, somewhere, "and every one who works is scrubbing in some part." Every one certainly is here at work, yet was there ever such scrubbing with so little resultant polish? The disproportion would be tragic if it were not grotesque. Amid all "the hurry and rush of life along the sidewalks," as the newspapers say, one might surely expect to find the unexpected. The spectacle ought certainly to have the interest of picturesqueness which is inherent in the fortuitous. Unhappily, though there is hurry and rush enough, it is the bustle of business, not the dynamics of what is properly to be called life. The elements of the picture lack dignity—so completely as to leave the *ensemble* quite without

accent. More unlooked-for happenings, more incidents in the drama of real life will happen before midnight to the individuals who compose the orderly Boulevard procession in Paris than those of its chaotic Broadway counterpart will experience in a month. The latter are not really more impressive because they are apparently all running errands and include no *flâneurs*. The *flâneur* would fare ill should anything draw him into the stream. Everything being adjusted to the motive of looking out for oneself, any of the sidewalk civility and mutual interest which obtain in Paris would throw the entire machine out of gear. Whoever is not in a hurry is in the way.

In this way our undoubted self-respect undoubtedly loses something of its bloom. We may prefer being jammed into street-cars and pressed against the platform rails of the elevated road to the tedious waiting at Paris omnibus stations—to mention one of the perennial and principal points of contrast which monopolize the thoughts of the average American sojourner in the French capital. But it is terribly vulgarizing. The contact and pressure are abominable. To a Parisian, the daily experience in this respect of those of our women who have no carriages of their own would seem as singular as the latter would find the Oriental custom of regarding the face as the most important part of the female person to keep concealed. But neither men nor women can persist in blushing at the intimacy of rudeness to which our crowding subjects them in common. The only resource is in blunted sensibility. And the manners thus negatively produced we do not quite appreciate in their enormity, because the edge of our appreciation is thus necessarily dulled. The conductor scarcely ceases whistling to poke you for your fare. Other whistlers apparently go on for ever. Loud talking follows naturally from the impossibility of personal seclusion in the presence of others. Our Sundays have lost secular decorum, very much in proportion as they have lost Puritan observance. If we have nothing quite comparable with a London bank-holiday, or with the conduct of the popular cohorts of the Epsom army, if only in "political picnics" and the excursions of "gangs" of "toughs" we illustrate absolute barbarism, it is nevertheless true that, from Central Park to Coney Island, our people exhibit a conception of the fitting employment of periodical leisure which would seem indecorous to a crowd of Belleville *ouvriers*. If we have not the cad, we certainly possess in abundance the species "hoodlum," which, though morally more refreshing, is

yet æsthetically intolerable; and the hoodlum is nearly as rare in Paris as the cad. Owing to his presence, and to the atmosphere in which he thrives, we find ourselves, in spite of the most determined democratic convictions, shunning crowds wherever it is possible to shun them. The most robust of us easily get into the frame of mind of a Boston young woman, to whom the Champs Elysées looked like a railway station, and who wished the people would get up from the benches and go home. Our life becomes a life of the interior, wherefore, in spite of a climate that permits walks abroad, we confine out-door existence to Newport lawns and camps in the Adirondacks; hence also proceeds that carelessness of the exterior which subordinates architecture to "household art," and makes of our streets such mere thoroughfares, lined with "homes."

Certainly, in New York, we are too vain of our bustle to realize how mannerless and motiveless it is. The essence of life is movement, but so is the essence of epilepsy. Moreover, the life of the New Yorker, who chases street-cars, eats at a lunch-counter, drinks what will "take hold" quickly at a bar he can quit instantly, reads only the head-lines of his newspaper, keeps abreast of the intellectual movement by inspecting the display of the elevated railway news-stand while he fumes at having to wait two minutes for his train, hastily buys his tardy ticket of sidewalk speculators, and leaves the theatre as if it were on fire—the life of such a man is, notwithstanding all its futile activity, varied by long spaces of absolute mental stagnation, of moral coma. Not only is our hurry not decorous, not decent—it is not real activity; it is as little as possible like that *vie fièvreuse et excitante* of Paris, where the moral nature is kept in constant operation, intense or not, as the case may be, in spite of the external and material tranquillity. Owing to this lack of a real, a rational activity, our individual civilization, which seems, when successful, a scramble, and when unlucky, a *sauve qui peut*, is morally as well as spectacularly not ill described, in so far as its external aspect is concerned, by the epithet *flat*. Enervation seems to menace those whom hyperæsthesia spares.

"We go to Europe to become Americanized," says Emerson; but France Americanizes us less in this sense than any other country of Europe, and perhaps Emerson was not thinking so much of her democratic development into social order and efficiency as of the less American and more feudal European influences, which do indeed, while we are subject to them, intensify our affection for our own institutions, our confidence in our own outlook. One

must admit that in France, which nowadays follows our ideal of liberty perhaps as closely as we do hers of equality and fraternity, and where, consequently, our political notions receive few shocks, not only is the life of the senses more agreeable than it is with us, but the mutual relations of men are more felicitous also. And alas! Americans who have savored these sweets cannot avail themselves of the implication contained in Emerson's further words — words which approach nearer to petulance than anything in his urbane and placid utterances: "Those who prefer London or Paris to America may be spared to return to those capitals." "*Il faut vivre, combattre et finir avec les siens*," says Doudan, and no law is more inexorable. The fruits of foreign gardens are, however delectable, enchanted for us; we may not touch them, and to pass our lives in covetous inspection of them is as barren a performance as may be imagined. For this reason the question, "Would you like best to live here or abroad," is as little practical as it is frequent. The empty life of the "foreign colonies" in Paris is its sufficient answer. Not only do most of us *have* to stay at home, but for every one except the inconsiderable few who can best do abroad the work they have to do, and except those essentially un-American waifs who can contrive no work for themselves, life abroad is not only less profitable but less pleasant. The American endeavoring to acclimatize himself in Paris hardly needs to have cited to him the words of Epictetus: "Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not *to* this, but *through* this." He is sure before long to become dismally persuaded of their truth. More speedily than elsewhere, perhaps, he finds out in Paris the truth of Carlyle's assurance: "It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man that he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled." For the work which insures the felicity of the French life of the senses and of French human relations he cannot share. The question of the relative attractiveness of French and American life—of Paris and New York—becomes the idle and purely speculative question as to whether one would like to change his personal and national identity.

And this an American may permit himself the Chauvinism of believing a less rational contradiction of instinct in himself than it would be in the case of anyone else. And for this reason: that in those elements of life which tend to the development and perfection of the individual soul in the work of fulfilling its mysterious destiny American character and American conditions are especially rich. Living in the future has an indisputably tonic effect upon the moral

sinews, and contributes an exhilaration to the spirit which no sense of attainment and achieved success can give. We are after all the true idealists of the world. Material as are the details of our preoccupation, our sub-consciousness is sustained by a general aspiration that is none the less heroic for being, perhaps, somewhat naïve as well. The times and moods when one's energy is excited, when something occurs in the continuous drama of life to bring sharply into relief its vivid interest and one's own intimate share therein, when nature seems infinitely more real than the societies she includes, when the missionary, the pioneer, the constructive spirit is aroused, are far more frequent with us than with other peoples. Our intense individualism, happily modified by our equality, our constant, active, multiform struggle with the environment do at least, as I said, produce *men;* and if we use the term in an esoteric sense we at least know its significance. Of our riches in this respect New York alone certainly gives no exaggerated idea — however it may otherwise epitomize and typify our national traits. A walk on Pennsylvania Avenue; a drive among the "homes" of Buffalo or Detroit—or a dozen other true centres of communal life which have a concrete impressiveness that only great capitals in Europe possess; a tour of college commencements in scores of spots consecrated to the exaltation of the permanent over the evanescent; contact in any wise with the prodigious amount of right-feeling manifested in a hundred ways throughout a country whose prosperity stimulates generous impulse, or with the number of "good fellows" of large, shrewd, humorous views of life, critical, perhaps, rather than constructive, but at all events untouched by cynicism, perfectly competent and admirably confident, with a livelier interest in everything within their range of vision than can be felt by anyone mainly occupied with sensuous satisfaction, saved from *ennui* by a robust imperviousness, and ready to begin life over again after every reverse with unenfeebled spirit, and finding in the working out of their own personal salvation, according to the gospel of necessity and opportunity, that joy which the pursuit of pleasure misses—experiences of every kind, in fine, that familiarize us with what is especially American in our civilization are agreeable as no foreign experiences can be, because they are above all others animating and sustaining. Life in America has for every one, in proportion to his seriousness, the zest that accompanies the "advance on Chaos and the Dark."

W. C. BROWNELL.

# HUMANISTIC RELIGION.

## I.

A LITTLE more than a generation ago a distinguished French philosopher published to the world a new scheme for a religion, which on its negative side repudiated all supernaturalism, denouncing the God of the old theologies as a figment of imagination. On its positive side the new scheme postulated the necessity of a religion which should rest on a scientific basis of certified knowledge. It inculcated a motive, an object of worship, and a cult. The motive of the new religion was all that could be desired:

> Comte believed, John Morley says, that a "moral transformation must precede any real advance. The aim, both in public and private life, is to secure to the utmost possible extent the victory of the social feelings over self-love, or altruism over egoism. . . . What are the instruments for securing the preponderance of altruism? . . . Translated into the plainest English the position is as follows: 'Society can only be regenerated by the greater subordination of politics to morals, by the moralization of capital, by the renovation of the family, by the higher conception of marriage, and so on. These ends can only be reached by a heartier development of the sympathetic instincts. The sympathetic instincts can only be developed by the Religion of Humanity.'" *

The motive of the new religion was, to state it briefly, social regeneration through the culture of the sympathetic instincts. How, then, we may ask, was it proposed to secure this culture? The central part in any religion, in view of which its claims as a religion must be judged, is its object of worship. The old theologies all proposed a supernatural, or at least a superhuman, object. Comte repudiated such a being, and proposed as the divinity of his creed, "Humanity, past, present, and to come, conceived as the Great Being." Just how Comte meant this Being to be understood has been an open question with the critics. The majority have supposed him to be proposing collective humanity as an object of worship. But Comte's words will bear a different and nobler construction. In a passage quoted by Morley (cited above), he says:

> "A deeper study of the great universal order reveals to us at length the ruling power within it of the Great Being, whose destiny it is to bring that order continu-

* "Comte," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th edition.

ally to perfection by constantly conforming to its laws, and which thus best represents to us that system as a whole. This undeniable Providence, the supreme dispenser of our destinies, becomes in the natural course the common centre of our affections, our thoughts, and our actions. Although this Great Being evidently exceeds the utmost strength of any, even of any collective, human force, its necessary constitution and its peculiar function endow it with the truest sympathy toward all its servants. . . . This natural object of all our activity, both public and private, determines the true general character of the rest of our existence, whether in feeling or in thought, which must be devoted to love, and to know, in order rightly to serve, our Providence, by a wise use of all the means which it furnishes to us." . . .

John Morley characterizes Comte's Great Being as "the abstract idea of Humanity conceived as a kind of Personality." We must bear in mind, if we would understand the basis of his religion, that Comte's *Positive Polity* is a sequel to his *Positive Philosophy*. It is an elaborate attempt to apply the principles of the latter to the reconstruction of society. The fundamental category of the *Positive Philosophy* is the law of social progress, commonly known as the law of the three stages. This law expresses the "great universal order" of which Comte finds manifestations everywhere. This order reveals the Great Being which is striving to bring that order to perfection. If we suppose that Comte made the transition from science to religion by first hypostasizing the law of the three stages, and then identifying it with what, in figurative language, we style the genius of the race, we will probably not strike far wide of his thought. Such a conception readily lends itself to the personifying instinct. Few minds are able completely to resist the tendency, consciously or unconsciously, to endow the spirit of the age with a species of shadowy personality. The Comtean finds the charm of such a procedure altogether too strong for him, and the abstract conception of humanity which he has reached by generalization from social phenomena gradually assumes to his imagination the lineaments of a personified being who manifests himself in social order and progress and strives continually toward ideal perfection.

Why, the Comtean may ask, is not humanity so conceived an adequate foundation for a religion? Theistic religions, in their higher forms at least, represent humanity as a manifestation of divinity. The Divine Spirit works in history and human life, determining the large results and shaping the destinies of individuals and nations. Personified Humanity may, then, include the divine agency, and Comte's *Grand Etre* may be but another name for the God of the rejected theologies. Aside, however, from the fact that no con-

sistent advocate of humanistic religion would found its claims on such considerations, the postulates of the *Positive Philosophy* would make any such claim on the part of its adherents in the highest degree inconsistent. There are two classes of philosophical agnostics. The one agrees with Herbert Spencer in affirming the existence of a Being transcending humanity, while denying that it can be an object of knowledge. The other asserts with Comte and G. H. Lewes that neither the existence nor the character of such a Being can be affirmed. The one says, "I know that a supernatural Being exists but I cannot determine what this Being is." The other says, "I do not know even that there is a supernatural Being. What I know is that man and nature exist, and that there is an unknown residuum. Whether this be simply unknown or absolutely unknowable, I am unable to determine." The latter expresses the philosophical creed of Positivism, and on it the Religion of Humanity is historically and logically founded. The basis of a religious creed, Lewes says somewhere, must be the known and the knowable. But only that which lies open to the ordinary methods of observation and verification is knowable. The God of the theologies does not lie open to the ordinary processes of knowledge. Theistic religion must, therefore, abdicate and a creed which does not postulate the unknowable must take its place. Whether, then, a power superior to humanity is present and operative in history and experience or not, the exponent of Comte's humanistic creed is precluded by the principles of his philosophy from making any use of it. He must assume that humanity is self-centred; that there is no power above or beneath or back of man of which any account needs to be taken. The story of human civilization must be to him a record of the achievements of purely human forces and agencies. Humanity must, in short, contain the explanation of its development strictly within itself.

Religion, as a historical phenomenon, has two conditions, which are sometimes called subjective and objective. The subjective condition is what is called the religious instinct. Man is by nature religious, in the same sense that he is rational and social. There is a germ in his nature which, under normal circumstances, will develop and manifest itself in some sort of religious belief, if not in actual worship. Whatever may be said of individuals and small aggregates of men, the race, as a whole, is constitutionally religious. By virtue of this fact it finds social and political societies and institutions wholly inadequate to satisfy its wants. Religious societies and

organized worship are also necessary. The objective condition of religion is the existence of some worthy object. Religion manifests itself in worship, and worship to be genuine must call into exercise sentiments of awe and reverence as well as sentiments of gratitude and love. An object which is either unable to call forth these sentiments, or to keep them alive when they already exist, is not fit for the central place in a religious scheme.

How, we may ask, does Comte's humanistic religion propose to satisfy these conditions? It, of course, recognizes the religious instinct and its claims to be satisfied. Does the object proposed meet the subjective want? In the first part of his *First Principles*, and in other places, Herbert Spencer contends that the fundamental element in which all religions agree is their assertion of the existence of an ultimate mystery. In other words, it is of the essence of religion to recognize the existence of some transcendent reality, the comprehension of which baffles the powers of human conception. Religion loses its distinctive character, if deprived of this transcendent object. Spencer, as every one knows, identifies this mysterious object asserted by the religious consciousness with the Absolute Power of which both nature and humanity are manifestations. There are, he contends, the deepest reasons for asserting the existence of such a power. Stripped of all accidents, the necessary object of religion stands forth as a transcendent reality whose nature and designs are enveloped in impenetrable mystery.

Reasons have been given in a former article* for thinking this deification of mystery extreme and indefensible. But it contains a sound core of truth. Some one has made the profound remark that a God who could be fully known would be no God at all. Man's religious nature demands an object which in some respects transcends human conceptions. The life of such sentiments as adoration and awe has its roots in the incomprehensible. But Spencer carries his insistence on this feature of religion to extremes, and, in postulating an *absolute* mystery, suppresses the springs of such sentiments as gratitude and love. That religion may be intelligent, and that love and gratitude may survive as elements of religious worship, there must be some community of nature, some basis of mutual understanding between man and the Being he worships. The unifying concept is to be found, therefore, in the synthesis of opposites.

* "The Agnostic Dilemma."—NEW PRINCETON REVIEW, September, 1886.

The agnostic emphasizes a true aspect of religion. But it needs to be supplemented by the Positivist claim that a religious creed can build only on the known and the knowable. In other words, in an adequate concept of the object of religion there will be a synthesis of intelligible and unintelligible attributes. God must transcend humanity and finite limitations, but man-ward the Divine must emerge into the sunlight of the intelligible and knowable. Theistic religions, when they understand themselves, admit the mystery which envelops God's essential nature, but this is only one article in their faith. They also assert, and in the same breath, that God stands in intelligible relations to humanity. He may reveal himself in extraordinary ways, but the ordinary mode of his manifestation is through a certain community of nature between himself and the creature, which enables the creature to come into living and intelligible relations with the Creator.

There is such a thing as low-water mark in the basal concepts of religion. In the nineteenth century this mark cannot be precisely what it was in the time of the ancient Greeks, or Romans, or Teutons. To suppose that it is, would be to assume that progress is superficial, and that humanity cannot make any real advance in the sphere of ideas. One of the great epoch-making forces in the religious evolution of the western world was Platonism. Plato projected the theistic conception of the world into the very heart of Europe's consciousness, where it has acted as a dominating force in the development of religious ideas. Stoicism produced another step in advance. The cardinal article of its faith was the assertion of a Divine Father of the race. The Stoics were, in other words, the propounders of that ethical concept which plants religion on God's paternal relation to humanity. Stoicism was the most effective religious force in the ancient European world. The Teutonic invasion, which destroyed the old civilization, might have swept away its religious gains also, had not Christianity with its inseparable companion, the Old Testament Scriptures, encountered and conquered the barbarian elements. In its cardinal doctrine of God's Fatherhood, the net results of Stoicism were reasserted, vitalized, and projected like leaven into the religious life of the masses of the people. Christianity did much more than assert the fundamental tenet of Stoicism. It is not argued here or elsewhere, that theism is the only, or the most important, element in Christianity. Nor is it argued that mere theism could have produced the results of Chris-

tianity. The precise point of the argument is that no scheme which does not at least recognize the theistic basis of Christianity can reasonably hope to effect the social regeneration of the race. For, in the process of historic evolution, however it may be brought about, certain final and unalterable results are achieved. Christianity marks high-water mark in the religious development of the western world. Its low-water mark, the level below which it cannot sink without losing all the gains of development, is that faith in a Divine Father of the race which is common to both Christianity and the most enlightened forms of paganism. This has been styled the faith of natural as distinguished from revealed religion. It serves as a touch-stone by which the foundations of a religious scheme may be tested.

It is in relation to this fundamental article of natural religion that the agnostics of the Spencerian school have a decided advantage over the advocates of humanistic religion. They have in their Ultimate Power a being which satisfies many of the cardinal requirements of a deity. It is clear that an all-productive energy may be conceived as a sort of personality and represented as the All-Father of the race. The agnostic is not demonstrably wrong, since he keeps well within the limits of possibility, when he ascribes a species of godhood to his Ultimate Power. Its transcendent relation to man and nature, while lifting it above the sphere of our conceptions, leaves it a possible subject of such predicates as intelligence, consciousness, personality, and will. The Ultimate Power of the agnostic possesses those attributes which are necessary to call forth the sentiments of awe and wonder, and, to a certain degree, reverence. It is infinite, eternal, and invisible. It is transcendent, incomprehensible, and immutable. It is omnipotent, omnipresent, the creative energy of which all things are manifestations. Obeying the irresistible demand of his religious nature, the agnostic may, by a pardonable, if illogical, exercise of the personifying imagination, conceive this Power after the analogy of a primary human relationship, as the Father of him and his race. There is nothing except the logical barrier which he himself has erected, to prevent him from holding the God of theism as a religious postulate, in much the same way that Kant asserted him as a postulate of morality.

Here the break-down of the humanistic scheme is complete. Its limitations cut it off strictly from everything that transcends human agencies. Comte and many of his followers, by a free exercise of

imagination and an elaborate use of symbols, succeed in hiding the difficulties of their creed, even from themselves. They habitually speak of humanity in terms which are misleading, if the intention is not to attribute to it superhuman power and a species of personality. But this is nothing else than a kind of mythologizing. Humanistic religion must deify humanity in order to obtain even a plausible object of worship. Religious veneration can be paid neither to individuals nor to aggregates of human beings; hence it becomes necessary to perpetrate a piece of mediæval realism over which the ghost of scholasticism might well rejoice. It is open to a believer in the God of the despised theologies to see in human history the manifestations of a personal agent not identical with any human forces. But an exponent of a humanistic creed cannot consistently allow himself any such liberty. If the object of worship is humanity and all supernatural implications must be carefully excluded from it, there is no power left apart from individuals and aggregates of individuals. To ascribe any sort of personality to an aggregate would make too severe a demand on human credulity. There remains, then, only the two alternatives of crude man-worship, which no one repudiates with greater vehemence than the exponent of the creed in question, or to deify the abstract idea of humanity, which is open to all the objections already urged.

The truth is, any humanistic scheme of religion finds itself in a dilemma. If it admits a power above humanity, it destroys its own first principle and goes over to the camp of supernaturalism. If it refuses to admit any such power and contents itself with a merely human object of worship, it is obliged to outdo the mediæval realists in order to obtain a conception at all capable of calling forth the religious sentiments. This brings out the fundamental defect of all humanistic creeds. An adequate object of worship must contain a synthesis of knowable and unknowable attributes. It must transcend man and his powers of conception, and it must also come into the sphere of the thinkable and knowable. In other words, the God of the religious consciousness must be absolute, infinite, and immutable. But he must also be the Father of men, and must possess attributes which will make him a fit object for the love and loyalty of his children. The humanistic creed repudiates the transcendental side of religion in advance, and hence is never able to provide such an object as the religious nature of man requires.

## II.

To the foregoing objections the general answer may be made, that, along with the repudiation of the object of supernaturalism, the ideas of worship which have grown up with it are also to be dismissed. It may be said that the essentials of religion may be preserved without prayers and invocations and hymns, and the sentiments which these alone adequately express. This I understand to be the favorite position with the more recent advocates of humanistic religion. They recognize the necessity and value of religious motives and culture, but insist that these may be conserved without the intervention of churches and prayers and "ecstatic worship." This view was ably and clearly presented by Frederic Harrison several years ago, in the course of his famous controversy with Herbert Spencer. The very purpose of the humanistic creed, he contends, is to convince sensible persons that the "ecstatic worship" of supernaturalism has come to an end; that religion shall henceforward mean simply "recognizing your duty to your fellow-man on human grounds." The motive power of this new creed is to be a sentiment akin to patriotism, freed from its local restrictions and elevated into a species of enthusiasm for humanity. In short, the new religion is conceived to be, in its essence, simply "morality fused with social devotion and enlightened by sound philosophy."

Such a rendering of the humanistic creed frees it, I admit, from some of the most serious criticisms to which the older Comtism was open. But in this change of front it has been forced to meet the galling fire of a new enemy. If all that there is of religion is morality fused with social devotion, what is that after all but social morality parading under a high-sounding name, and why could not men do very well without any religion? The suggestion arouses Mr. Harrison's indignation, and he denounces it as a view often cherished in secret by "the comfortable, the strong, and the selfish," but unfit to be paraded before the public as a contribution to the philosophy of religion. But on reflection his wrath is appeased, and he admits that the social nature of man may produce and maintain the requisite moral standard; but adds a rider to the effect, that, while the cultivated, the thoughtful, and the well-to-do may be able to nourish this morality in a cool, self-contained, and sub-cynical way, the moralization of the masses of humanity will require the agency of all that passion and faith and devotion which nothing but a religious belief in something vastly nobler and stronger than self is able to call forth.

These are to be nourished in the masses, not by the Christian religion or the worship of any supernatural being, but by a careful study of the "mighty tale of human civilization."

I have recalled Mr. Harrison's famous discussion, not for the purpose of thrashing over old issues, but because I think his words supply the best and clearest answer to the question, What does the humanistic scheme of religion amount to? The position may be stated in a single sentence. It aims to substitute social morality for theistic religion, and its supreme motive, to put the matter in its most attractive form, is to be enthusiasm for humanity. But here the old question comes up, How is this humanitarian sentiment to be maintained? Taking history as a competent witness, Christianity is the only force that has been able to produce and maintain enthusiasm for humanity on a large scale. Stripping Christianity of all distinctively religious features and taking simply the ethical conception on which it rests, we find the theistic postulate, if we may so style it, laid down as a fundamental plank in its morality.

The conception of Christ includes the humanistic stand-point. Christ and Christianity insist on social morality, on love to man and enthusiasm for humanity, as strongly as any modern philanthropist. But Christ teaches that certain conditions are necessary in order that social morality may flourish. He insists on the recognition of two fundamental relations, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He sums up his conception of human duty in the two comprehensive commands, love God and love men. It was manifestly not his opinion that social morality could flourish on human nourishment alone. He finds in man's relation to his Divine Father the living spring of morality. He insists first and foremost on the fatherhood of God. Human brotherhood springs from this primal relation, and depends on it. He includes the human motives in his programme. But he is firmly convinced that these alone are not sufficient for the moral regeneration of the race.

The distinctive feature of the humanistic scheme is its suppression of the Divine Fatherhood and its retention of the idea of human brotherhood as the complete and sufficient motive of social regeneration. But, if history has any significance, it means that the vital element in religion has been the Divine idea, manifesting itself at first, perhaps, in rudimentary forms, but slowly and surely developing into the conception of one transcendent Being. To propose the social idea as an adequate substitute for the historic conception of

religion, is virtually a proposition to suppress historic religion and fill its place with a novelty. The truth is, Mr. Harrison's scheme, which is here taken as representative, has never been tried on a large scale. The nearest approach to it is found in Confucianism. But little aid or comfort is to be derived from Confucius, whose position was much nearer to Herbert Spencer's than to Comte's. Confucianism assumes the existence of God. It assumes that "man's nature is from God, and that the harmonious working out of it is obedience to the will of God, and that violation of it is disobedience." * This theistic background of Chinese religion is to a great degree unknowable. But it is there; and no man can tell the difference it would make to the life of the people, if God should be blotted out of their beliefs and zero enthroned in his place. I think history, as well as the deeper convictions of man, will bear out Herbert Spencer's opinion that humanity owes that splendid moral development of the past which so arouses Mr. Harrison's enthusiasm, to its long connection with a supernatural power, of which both nature and humanity are manifestations. Nothing but a prolonged and successful experiment on an extensive scale could be sufficient to vindicate the adequacy of the proposed substitute for the historic concept of religion.

If it were granted, however, that the social idea would supply a logically satisfactory basis for religion, the question of its practical efficiency would still remain. If a religious conception be powerless, it makes little difference how perfect it may be from the logical or artistic point of view. It is a failure from the religious stand-point. Mr. Harrison scouts Sir James Stephen's suggestion that man could get along without any religion, on the ground that while it might do for the comfortable, the strong, and the selfish, it would be bad for the masses of humanity. Here, it seems to me, he touches a vital truth respecting religion. Culture may be for the few, but religion, like political liberty, is a delusion and a snare, if it is not adapted to the masses of humanity. A religion for the few and not for the many is an absurdity. How does the humanistic conception of religion bear this test? "To soften and purify the masses of mankind," its exponent says, "we shall need all the passion and faith which are truly dignified by the name of religion, religious respect, religious sense of duty, religious belief in something vastly nobler

* "Confucius," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th edition.

and stronger than self." Where are this passion and faith and religious belief in a superior power to be found, and how nurtured? The exponent answers, "In the mighty tale of human civilization." But the passion and faith and religious belief which adorn this tale have had their spring in man's conviction that he is in living relations with a supernatural power. Let us suppose that the masses have reached the stage where to them "the promises of the churches are known to be false and the hopes of the superstitious are felt to be dreams,"—how are these sentiments of passion and faith and religious reverence to be kept alive in them? We know the consolation this religion has to offer to the soul struggling in any of the great crises of life. "It is a strength and a comfort to all, whether weak, suffering, or bereaved, to feel that the whole sum of human effort in the past as in the present is steadily working on the whole to lessen the sum of misery, to help the fatherless and the widows, to assuage sickness and to comfort the lonely." If this abstract meditation does not seem to convey much solid comfort to the heart of the wretched, he is met with the assurance that "this is, at least, all that men and women have on earth." Whatever effect such consolation would have on the "cultivated, the thoughtful, and the well-to-do," I feel quite sure that the masses would find the new religionist one of Job's comforters. That his prescription for keeping alive the passion, faith, and religious sentiment, which he admits to be so essential, would be any more effective, I see no good reasons for believing. The truth is, the new gospel may be a religion for a cultivated few, but it is not a religion for humanity. Christ knew better what the requisites of a religion of humanity are. In man's living connection with God he found the perennial spring of those sentiments on which the highest well-being of the race depends.

## III.

THE proposition to give up religion and trust wholly to human morality has the merit, at least, of making a palpable issue. Are religion and morality necessary to social welfare, or is morality alone sufficient? Religious persons are not always judicious in their claims. It is possible to make a hobby of religion and to ride it to death. It has never been true nor is it true now, that human welfare is altogether dependent on religion. Man has a conscience which would survive and be of some use to him, even though he were to become an absolute atheist. Man is a social creature, endowed

with sympathetic sentiments which would make themselves felt whenever he found himself in the society of his fellows. He has, also, a sense of honor, a regard for the opinions of his fellows which would act as restraints on his conduct. If we add to this man's natural love of law and order, the elevating and refining influence of literature, art, and social intercourse, it will be necessary to admit that the extra-religious motives and restraints would, doubtless, under normal conditions, produce and maintain a certain grade of personal and social virtue. Something, it may be admitted, is to be said for Sir James Stephen's claim, that, with the death of religion, morality would be transformed, but by no means destroyed.

"*Ubi homines ibi mores.* Men can never associate together without honoring and rewarding and protecting in various ways temperance, fortitude, benevolence, and justice. No individual man can live in any society, of any size, without observing this fact, sharing more or less in the common feelings, judging his own conduct according to them, and perceiving that his own personal interest is, to an extent more or less considerable, bound up in the general interest. That this state of things will hereafter produce, as it has in the past produced, a solid, vigorous, useful kind of moral standard, seems practically certain. . . . If a purely human morality takes the place of Christian morals, self-command and self-denial, force of character shown in postponing the present to the future, will take the place of self-sacrifice as an object of admiration. Love, friendship, good-nature, kindness carried to the height of sincere and devoted affection, will always be the chief pleasures of life, whether Christianity is true or false."*

That morality has extra-religious roots every candid person will admit. It is not a question whether morality would be able to survive religion or not, but whether it would not be stunted by the death of religion. It may be admitted that experience does not supply an absolute demonstration, for while we have had many instances of the co-existence of religion and morality, we have had none on a sufficiently large scale of the existence of morality without religion. Consequently the experimental data on which our opinions are formed may possibly be open to different constructions. But the broad universal facts are these: the religious instinct co-exists in man with the moral and social. Civilizations have, so far as the facts can be ascertained, received their initial impulse from religious sources. The *mores*, the literature, and the political institutions of the civilized nations have had their tap-roots in religious soil. The decline of the power of religion has invariably marked the beginning of a decline of virility in all directions, from which

* "The Unknowable and the Unknown."—*Nineteenth Century Review*, June, 1884.

morality as well as other interests have in the end suffered. These are facts of civilization. They are also facts of national history. National religions, however defective they may be, seem to hold the creative forces of national life, and their decline strikes the death-knell of the national development. In modern times the four great religions, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Confucianism underlie four great lines of development which embrace in their scope the modern civilized world. What the history of the race would have been without its religions, no man can tell. But if we interrogate race experience as to whether religion has been a cardinal force in civilization, the answer is unequivocal. Religion has exerted a causative energy, an originative force which no other agency has been at all able to equal. The explanation of this phenomenon may not be obvious. Religion may owe its superior power partly to the fact that it contains more of the genius of the race, more of its elemental forces, than either its moral, social, or civic forms. It doubtless does owe much to the fact that it brings man into vital relations with something that not only vastly transcends him in power, but also supplies him with an inexhaustible spring of inspiration and hope.

When Sir James Stephen says he thinks men could live very well without religion, he speaks, not from the race stand-point, but from that of a few cultivated, well-to-do persons, who have already absorbed all the advantages of nineteenth-century enlightenment. For these it may be that "love, friendship, ambition, science, literature, art, politics, commerce, professions, trades, and a thousand other matters, will go on equally well, whether there is or is not a God or a future state." But what about the masses of humanity which the learned writer, on the same page, rather contemptuously describes as "a creature made up mostly of units, of which a majority cannot even read, whilst only a small minority have the time or the means or the ability to devote any considerable part of their thoughts to anything but daily labor." This, I insist, is an important part of the constituency whose claims are to be considered in settling questions of morals and religion. If this creature, made up mostly of such units as the learned justice has described, may be left out of the question, the remaining few may possibly find themselves able to make shift without the belief in God and the future life. But if the question is one that concerns the race as a whole, then it is certain that humanity could not get on well without religion.

The moral welfare of humanity demands religion, if not as "a uniting and governing power" yet for its motivity, the stimulus, and hope it puts into human life. It may be that the function of control will in the future tend to pass more completely from ecclesiastical to secular agencies, that the political power of the Church will decrease while that of the State increases; but that religion will be rendered thereby any the less necessary, no one who understands its real power will for a moment admit. The claim for the necessity of religion is perfectly consistent with the most unqualified recognition of the indispensability of other agencies. Society is conserved and public welfare is secured by a group of forces, none of which could be spared without detriment. Were the religious instinct to become silent, the religious motives to lose their efficacy, and the religious sentiments gradually to disappear, the purely human and secular motives to morality would remain. The altruistic instincts would still exist, family affection would survive, the motives and restraints of social intercourse would be alive and active, and the obligation to truthfulness, honesty, justice, and self-denial would be recognized. Among the cultivated and prosperous would doubtless be found many shining examples of that solid and useful kind of virtue which Sir James Stephen describes. All this is conceded in advance. But if the rooting out of the religious instinct, and the consequent drying up of its springs of motivity would remove one of the forces which have always been essential to the welfare and progress of humanity; if the elimination of religion from the group of co-operating agencies which have up to this time borne the brunt in man's struggle for existence would tend to imperil the issues of that struggle by lowering the efficiency of the remaining forces; if, in short, humanity would find itself crippled by the disappearance of religion as a factor in social and individual life, then, altogether apart from the question of its truth or falsehood for the intellect, religion is a clear moral and practical necessity, and man would fare but ill without it.

That each and all of the above conditional statements may be categorically asserted is not a mere matter of private opinion, but of high historic probability. As respects experimental verification, they stand on a level with those political maxims which direct the course of legislation. The historical argument, stripped of all accidents, amounts substantially to this: Religion has been the most potent of civilizing and moralizing agencies. There is no evidence that humanity could have realized its early achievements without it, and

there is no sufficient reason to suppose that, were religion to disappear from the life of men, the race would be able to attain the highest and best results in the future.

Assuming that religion is essential to human welfare, we get back to the issue raised by the humanistic creed. The believers in theistic religion need entertain nothing but hospitality toward the motives of those social philosophers who, having lost faith in God, and yet realizing the importance of religion, endeavor to construct one on a purely human foundation. If the God of all the theologies is a figment of imagination, then a poor substitute is better than rank atheism. The energizing power of religious belief has been so great, that it is worth while to make a desperate effort to save even some shreds of it. But the contention here is that a purely human religion would not be able to play the rôle its advocates assign to it. It could never achieve that subordination of politics to morals which the Comteans predict, nor could it perform the more modest, but more effective, function of supplying a perennial spring of energy and hopefulness to the race. Nothing short of a theistic belief can satisfy this cardinal requirement of religion. Nothing short of it can make the hope of immortality anything like a living conviction. Nothing short of it can serve men in those great crises of national and individual life when every human support totters, and the Almighty arm is the only power that can interpose between us and the abyss. In presence of such issues, both individuals and aggregates realize their own impotence, the powerlessness of mere human forces, and the conviction becomes profound and certain that only that religion which anchors humanity fast to the rock of Divine Omnipotence will be able to help most when it is most needed.

In cutting loose from the transcendent object of the old theologies, the advocates of the humanistic creed have found it necessary to repudiate some of the most distinctive of the religious sentiments. No adequate scope is found for those feelings which find their normal expression in prayers, invocations, and hymns. It seems impossible for a humanistic creed to maintain permanently any cult or any organic life. Comte's attempt to preserve the husk after the corn had been thrown away proved an elaborate failure. The most distinguished representative of Comtism turns his back on all such "mummery," and asserts that henceforth for him and his associates mysticism shall be abjured, and religion shall mean simply morality fused with social devotion and enlightened by sound philosophy.

The scheme is well-meant, but Utopian. Morality fused with social devotion is one of the most consummate flowers of our civilization. Holy Writ lays it down in substance as the criterion of pure and undefiled religion. But the old difficulty comes up here to trouble us. If religion is to be transplanted from a divine to a human foundation, the burning question is whether the race can reach and maintain a high standard of social morality. Granting that the new gospel is reducible to a scheme for the regeneration of the race by means of social ethics, what are the probabilities that it will succeed? If the condition of regeneration be not simply morality in its prosaic form, but morality fused with social devotion, where is the motivity necessary to raise the social devotion to the requisite pitch to be found? To this question history suggests an answer. Among the Greeks and Romans, the Stoics were the only religious philosophers whose morality was independent of the accidents and vicissitudes of fortune. They owed this immunity to the fact that their ethics were anchored fast to a firm faith in an immutable God. Christianity reasserted this faith of Stoicism in a different form, and with adjuncts which made a far more universal and abiding impression on the emotions of the race. The consummate flower of Christianity is a morality fused with social devotion, which has regenerated modern society. It may reasonably be asked where, outside of Christianity, can an agent be found vital and coercive enough to lift humanity to the plane of social regeneration? Where, outside of Christianity, can an ethical concept be found potent enough to raise and permanently maintain social devotion anywhere near the standard required by the new creed? All these queries are in order, but our question is less exacting. Going back to the bed-rock of historic fact, what chance has any scheme which does not even rise to the level of enlightened paganism to succeed in its effort toward the social and moral regeneration of the race? What power has an ethic that does not anchor to the throne of the Almighty, that does not lay a living faith in a Divine Father at the basis of human brotherhood, to fuse the inert masses of humanity with social devotion? Until the humanistic creed shall reform its foundations and come into line with history and experience on this cardinal point, it cannot vindicate its claim to be considered either a religion or an ethic that is adequate to satisfy the deepest wants of humanity.

ALEXANDER T. ORMOND.

## POETICAL DEDICATIONS.

THE first of the British periodical essayists, and the father of all later contributors to English and American magazines, wrote in *The Tatler* on the 26th day of May, 1710, and from *The Trumpet*, in Sheen Lane, that "the ingenious Mr. Pinkethman, the comedian, had made him a high Compliment in a facetious Distich by way of Dedication to his endeavours." This couplet, unfortunately, has not been preserved; but it gave to the editor of *The Tatler* an opportunity to discourse most wisely upon the "Difference betwixt ancient and modern Dedications":

"In olden Times," he wrote, "it was the Custom [for authors] to address their Works to some eminent for their Merit to Mankind, or particular Patronage of the Writers themselves, or Knowledge in the Matter of which they treated. Under these Regards it was a memorable Honour to both Parties, and a very agreeable Record of their Commerce with each other. But," he added later, "vain Flourishes came into the World, with other barbarous Embellishments; and the Enumeration of Titles and great Actions in the Patrons themselves, or their Sires, are as foreign to the Matter in Hand as the Ornaments are in a Gothic Building."

And thus for a page or two the venerable gentleman, then known to the reading world as Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, berated his contemporaries, the moderns, for the fulsomeness and unmeaningness of their dedications, in a volume which is inscribed to the Right Honorable William, Lord Cowper, Baron of Wingham, and signed "My Lord, Your Lordship's Most Devoted, Most Obedient, and Most Humble Servant, Richard Steele."

The history of the dedications of books goes back as far as the beginning of the history of books themselves. Among the ancients, concerning whom *The Tatler* wrote, dedications were little more than prefaces and introductions, and it was not until what *The Tatler* considered modern times that they became the pegs upon which the author hung the compliments he bestowed upon that "Patron" who was willing to pay most generously for his praises. It is a curious fact that the earliest printed addresses and inscriptions of the poets themselves were generally written in prose, although it was a prose which contained, as a rule, quite as much poetry as truth; and that of all the examples, ancient and modern, noted and quoted in Mr.

Henry B. Wheatley's delightful volume entitled *The Dedications of Books*, not more than half a dozen are in verse.

Horace dedicated his first Ode, his first Epistle, and his first Satire, in metre, to his friend and patron, Mæcenas:

> " Mæcenas, scion of a race
> Of kings, my fortune's crowning grace
> And constant stay."—(Book I., Ode I.)

And Catullus dedicated his poems to Cornelius Nepos, in lines which Mr. Andrew Lang has put into English for Mr. Brander Matthews's *Ballads of Books*, as reprinted here:

> " *Quoi dono lepidum novum libellum.*"
>
> " My little book, that's neat and new,
> Fresh polished with dry pumice stone,
> To whom, Cornelius, but to you
> Shall *this* be sent, for you alone—
> (Who used to praise my lines, my own)
> Have dared in weighty volumes three
> (What labors, Jove, what learning thine!)
> To tell the tale of Italy,
> And all the legend of our line.
>
> " So take, whate'er its worth may be,
> My book,—but Lady and Queen of Song,
> This one kind gift I crave of thee,
> That it may live for ages long!"

This same Mr. Andrew Lang, after rescuing the "Book" of Catullus from the language in which it had lain dead during so many ages, dedicated his own *Books and Bookmen*, at the end of nineteen hundred years, and in accents then unknown, to this same Mr. Brander Matthews, who had found for his wandering papers a home and a publisher in States then unborn.

> " You took my vagrom essays in,
> You found them shelter over sea;
> Beyond the Atlantic's foam and din
> You took my vagrom essays in!
> If any value there they win
> To you he owes them, not to me.
> You took my vagrom essays in,
> You found them shelter over sea!"

But to return to the gentlemen who even in Mr. Bickerstaff's time were styled the ancients. Master Geoffrey Chaucer, the "Floure of Poetes throughout all Britain"—

> " That nobly enterprysed
> How that our Englisshe might fresshly be enued,"

while given to prologues, does not seem to have indulged himself in dedications, although William Wynne, Chief Clerk of the Kitchen to Henry VIII., and editor of the first edition of Chaucer's works (1532), inscribed his volume "to that most gracious Defencer of the Christen Faithe, his most dradde soveraygne lord." And Dryden dedicated his version of the *Tales from Chaucer*, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, to the Duchess of Ormond, in lines beginning,

> "The bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,
> Tuned to his British lyre this ancient song:
> Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
> And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse;
> He match'd their beauties, where they most excel;
> Of love sung better, and of arms as well."

Spenser's single poetical dedication is that to the Earl of Leicester "late deceased," prefixed to his *Virgil's Gnatt*, one of the "Complaints" published in 1591. But there is nothing in it which warrants its being reprinted here.

The fact that Samuel Page, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, dedicated *The Loves of Amos and Lama*—not his *Alcilia*, as Mr. Wheatley has it—to Izaak Walton, in 1619, is worthy of note, because at that time Walton was only twenty-six years of age, and was entirely unknown to the world except as the occupant of a linen-draper's shop, seven-feet-and-a-half long and five feet wide, in the Royal Bourse in Cornhill. His first work, the *Life of Doctor Donne*, was not published until 1640, and *The Compleat Angler* did not appear until 1653. When Page wrote his lines to the humble sempster he little dreamed that on their account alone posterity would remember him. Here are his claims to immortality:

"TO MY APPROVED AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND, IZ. WA.

> "To thee, thou more than thrice beloved friend,
> I too unworthy of so great a blisse,
> These harsh-tun'd lines I here to thee commend,
> Thou being cause it is now as it is;
> For hadst thou held thy tongue by silence might
> These have been buried in oblivion's night.
>
> "If they were pleasing, I would call them thine,
> And disavow my title to the verse;
> But being bad, I needes must call them mine,
> No ill thing can be cloathèd in thy verse.
> Accept them then, and where I have offended
> Rase thou it out, and let it be amended."

Perhaps these are the verses which inspired the subject of them to write five-and-thirty years later that angling and poetry are somewhat alike—"Men are to be born so!" He must have been a good fellow even in his youth, this Izaak Walton, born so himself. *The Compleat Angler* was dedicated in prose "To the Right Worshipful John Offley, of Madely Manor, in the County of Stafford, Esquire."

John Taylor, "the Water Poet," dedicated *Et Habeo, Et Careo, Et Curo, A Poem* (1621),

"TO EVERYBODY:

"Yet not to every Reader, doe I write
But onley unto such as can Read right;
And with impartial censures can declare,
As they find things to judge them as they are."

The reader of early biographical literature cannot help being impressed with the fact that most British men of letters before the close of the Georgian era were chronicled as being the father of something. Chaucer was the father of English poetry, Walton the father of angling, Richardson the father of the British novel, Steele the father of the British essay, and now comes a Scottish bookseller who figures as the father of the circulating library. Allan Ramsay began life as a wigmaker in Edinburgh. He wrote a second canto to *Christ's Kirk of the Grene*, no less than two kings of Scotland claiming the authorship of the first; he was esteemed so highly by Hogarth that the twelve plates of *Hudibras* were dedicated to him in 1726, and he figures in these pages as the author of a poetical dedication to Josiah Burchet, Esq., prefixed to *The Gentle Shepherd*, his own great work, and closing as follows:

"May never care your blessings sowr,
A'n may the Muses, ilka hour,
Improve your mind, an' haunt your bow'r,
I'm but a callan;
Yet may I please you, while I'm your
Devoted Allan."

Ramsay retired from his original profession of "skull-thatching," as he himself somewhere describes it, in 1718 or 1719, and during the rest of a long life he either sold, loaned, or made books. He was intimate with Gay, admired of Pope, praised by Boswell, snubbed by Johnson, and, according to Sir Walter Scott, he was the lamp at which Burns lighted his torch.

While dedications are not always altogether pleasing to the per-

sons to whom they are addressed, it is not often that their very abusiveness adds to the market value of the books that contain them, as in the case of Churchill's *Sermons on the Lord's Prayer*. Among their reputed author's posthumous papers was found an unfinished dedication to William Warburton, Dean of Bristol and Bishop of Gloucester, the character of which inspired the publishers to give two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for the ten sermons to which it was prefixed, sermons so poor in themselves that they are generally believed to have been the work of a duller, but better, man than the author of *The Rosciad*. But whoever originally delivered the discourses, there can be no question as to the authorship of the dedication. It is written in a strain of terrible irony.

> "To Doctor! Dean! Bishop! Glo'ster! and My Lord!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)
> Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
> Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill
> And wonted power of knowing good from ill,
> Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from foes;
> Let Glo'ster well remember how he rose,
> Nor turn his back on men who made him great;
> Let him not, gorged with power, and drunk with state,
> Forget what once he was though now so high,
> How low, how mean, and full as poor as I."

The Bishop of Gloucester, gorged with power, lived fourteen or fifteen years after this, and must have found comfort in the fact that the publishers of the sermons suffered as much in their pockets by the venture as he did in his feelings.

It is not possible here to quote, or even to enumerate, the poetical dedications of the men of modern times. In previous generations, but within the present century, Keats inscribed, in 1817, to Leigh Hunt the little volume of poems which had already been printed in Hunt's *Examiner;* and Tom Hood dedicated his *Hero and Leander* to Coleridge in 1828.

> "It is not with a hope my feeble praise
> Can add one moment's honor to thy own,
> That with thy mighty name I grace these lays;
> I seek to glorify myself alone:
> For that some precious favor thou hast shown
> To my endeavor in a bygone time,
> And by this token I would have it known
> Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme!
> It is my dear ambition now to climb

Still higher in thy thought,—if my bold pen
May thrust on contemplations more sublime,—
But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when
We gain applauses from the great in name
We seem to be partakers of *their* fame."

Shelley's *Queen Mab*, printed in 1813, was dedicated "To Harriet" in lines beginning:

"Whose is the love that, gleaming through the world,
Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn?
Whose is the warm and partial praise,
Virtue's most sweet reward?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?
Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And loved mankind the more?

Harriet, on thine: thou wert my purer mind,
Thou wert the inspiration of my song."
. . . . . .

Whether this was written to Harriet Grove, his first love, or to Harriet Westbrook, his first wife, the commentators have not been able to decide, but there is no doubt that the "Mary" to whom *Laon and Cythna* (*The Revolt of Islam*) was dedicated in 1818 was the Mary Godwin to whom he had then but lately been married. In it he says:

"So now my summer task is ended, Mary,
And I return to thee, mine own heart's home."
. . . . . .

Scott prefaced the different cantos of *Marmion* with poetical letters to different friends; and Byron, in what he called "good, simple, savage verse," dedicated *Don Juan* to Southey.

"Bob Southey! You're a poet—Poet laureate,
And representative of all the race,
Although 'tis true that you turned out a Tory at
Last—yours has lately been a common case."
. . . . . .

Among the men of our own day, Bayard Taylor dedicated in verse his *Poems of Home and Travel* to George H. Boker, and his *Poems of the Orient* to Richard H. Stoddard; Mr. Stoddard inscribing to Mr. Boker his *Songs of Summer*. Mr. Swinburne dedicated *Songs of the Springtide* to Edward John Trelawney; Mr. Whittier, *In War Times*, to Samuel E. and Harriet W. Sewell, of Melrose; Mr. Longfellow, the *Ultima Thule*, to G. W. G. (George W. Greene); John

Forster, the *Life of Goldsmith*, to Charles Dickens; and Owen Meredith, *The Wanderer*, to J. F., in a long poem dated Florence, September 24, 1857.

Susan Coolidge dedicated her *Verses* (Boston, 1881) to J. H. and E. W. H.

> "Nourished by peaceful suns and gracious dew,
> Your sweet youth budded, and your sweet lives grew,
> And all the world seemed rose-beset for you.
> . . . . . .
>
> "Only this leaf, a single petal flung,
> One chord from a full harmony unsung,
> May speak the life-long love that lacks a tongue."

The *Vignettes in Rhyme*, the first American edition of Mr. Austin Dobson's verses, was introduced to American readers by Mr. E. C. Stedman, to whom Mr. Dobson dedicated his second volume entitled *At the Sign of the Lyre*.

> "No need to-day that we commend
> This pinnace to your care, oh, friend!
> You steered the bark that went before
> Between the whirlpool and the shore,
> So—though we want no pilot now—
> We write your name upon the prow."

In like manner he dedicated his *Proverbs in Porcelaine* to Mr. Frederick Locker, perhaps his only contemporary rival in their own peculiar and delightful line.

> "Is it to kindest friend I send
> This nosegay gathered new?
> Or is it more to critic sure—
> To singer clear and true?
> I know not which, indeed, nor need.
> All three I find in you."

H. C. Bunner's *Airs from Arcady* are inscribed "To Brander Matthews: By the Hearth."

> "Take these, the gathered songs of striving years,
> And many fledged and warmed beside your hearth;
> Not for whatever they may have of worth—
> A simpler tie, perchance, my work endears.
>
> "With them this wish: that when your days shall close,
> Life, a well-used and well-contented guest,
> May gently press the hand I oft have pressed,
> And leave you by Love's fire to calm repose."

Mr. Lowell, by his own fireside, talks to Charles Eliot Norton in *Under the Willows* of old times and old scenes.

"I sit and I dream that I hear, as of yore,
My Elmwood chimney's deep-throated roar.
If much be gone, there is much remains;
By the embers of love I count my gains,
You and yours with the best, till the old hope glows
In the fanciful flame as I toast my toes."

Somewhat more tender is the dedication to *Among my Books.*

"TO F. D. L.

"Love comes and goes with music in his feet,
And tunes young pulses to his roundelays;
Love brings thee this: will it persuade thee, Sweet,
That he turns proser when he comes and stays?"

These lines suggest Browning's "One Word More" at the conclusion of *Men and Women*, inscribed

"TO E. B. B.

"There they are, my fifty men and women,
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, love the book and me together:
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also."

To another good wife Mr. Aldrich dedicates *Flower and Thorn.*

"TO L. A.

"Take them and keep them,
Silvery thorn and flower,
Plucked just at random
In the rosy weather—
Snowdrops and pansies,
Sprigs of wayside heather,
And five-leaved wild rose
Dead within an hour.

"Take them and keep them:
Who can tell? some day, dear
(Though they be withered,
Flower and thorn and blossom,)
Held for an instant
Up against thy bosom,
They might make December
Seem to thee like May, dear!"

And Professor Boyesen dedicated his *Idyls of Norway*, in 1882, to L. K. B.

"I fain would praise thee with surpassing praise,
To whom my soul its first allegiance gave;
For thou art fair as thou art wise and brave,
And like the lily that with sweet amaze
Rocks on its lake and spreads its golden rays
Serenely to the sun and knows not why,
Thou spreadst the tranquil splendor of thine eye
Upon my heart and fillst the happy days,
Brimmed with the fragrance and the light of thee.
Mute was my life and chill ere thee it found;
Like dumbly heaving waves it rolled along
In voiceless wrestling on a barren sea,
Until it broke with sudden rush of sound,
Upon thy sunny shore in light and song."

One of the most touching of dedications is that of James Whitcomb Riley, contained in his *Afterwhiles*, published in the beginning of the present year. It is very simple and very brief.

"TO HUMBOLDT RILEY.

"I can not say, and I will not say
That he is dead—He is just away."

The poetical dedication to the book is what the prologue is to the play. They both serve to explain to the public the circumstances of the action of the work they introduce, or the situation in which the writer stands, or wishes to stand, in regard to the world at large. They address sometimes the whole audience of readers, but more often some one particular individual whose commerce with the author, as *The Tatler* quaintly puts it, is agreeable and affectionate, and an honor to them both. The score or so of poetical dedications given here, and the hundreds of others which must readily occur to the lover of books, will show as emphatically as any other form of literature the changes of thought and expression in English letters.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

## A CALABRIAN PENELOPE.

THE fields were dry, and cracks ran across the furrows that were like parched lips open from thirst. Clouds arose and crossed the face of the sun shining yellow and hot in the middle of the sky; they looked upon the suffering earth and then passed by without pity, giving no drink to the sown fields that languished in the drought. Far away, down among the marshes, hung a thick steam; but here, on the hills, everything was dry and baked. The grain, not yet ripe, was yellow as if it had the fever.

Along the edge of the field ran a row of Indian figtrees; and in the shadow of one of them sat Compare Andrea, with Pina, his wife. They had left the house at dawn, and gone to their work in the field, where, kneeling between the furrows, they pulled up the weeds that grew faster than the grain and struck deep roots, as ill weeds will, to rob the good grain of what little it might have gotten from the earth. In the heat of the noon hour even the little brown tomtits, that hop from furrow to furrow for the worms which come out with the uprooted weeds, had ceased to move and chirp, and were hidden in their nests in the hedge. The crickets, even, were silent; now and then one of them showed his black body and thin, bent legs among the dry blades of the scanty grass. The pretty little green lizards slept under the edges of a flat stone, or moved languidly across it to find a cooler spot. The odors of rosemary, thyme, and a thousand other herbs were drawn out by the hot sun.

Compare Andrea sliced with his clasp-knife the piece of black bread and the *pace di casa*—the small, slender squash that is called "household peace," because when there is enough of it for the family meal there is peace in the house; if not, this good gift of Heaven is better than a stick to enforce peace, and is always at hand to be thrown across the table in the face of any one who speaks inconveniently.

While Andrea and Pina were eating, they talked of the bad year they were having.

"So it is; in this field we sow our life and we reap ruin," complained Andrea.

"The blades of grain seem to me like so many of my children, and I can do nothing for them," responded Pina, with two great tears in her eyes. "The grain dies in our sight, and the ill weeds come to make its funeral."

"It is like ourselves," said her husband, knitting his brows, "we are poor and barely live; and there comes the *galantuomo*, who buys and sells us like the land and the beasts that he owns. He lives like the sun in the sky, with one hand in the other; he does no work, and takes everything. If it is a good year, there is always something to pay; if it is a bad year, it is we who must bear the expenses of it, as if it were our fault. 'Pay, pay!' says the agent of the *galantuomo*, and he opens his great books with the rows of figures fit to give you an apoplexy to see them, and here is your name, and this is due, and that other, and you tear your hair in vain. And if you make a bad face at it, a reprimand; and if you have no money, the judge orders a *pignoramento*, and an officer comes to take all your goods; and if you put your hands on the officers of justice, there is the prison. They are all brigands. It appears to me that it is better to be the weed than the grain, and get what one can. For my part, I shall turn brigand, I!"

At this saying Pina started. "Brigand! no, do not say it," she begged him. "We are honest people that have never done harm to our neighbors. If you turn brigand, when your hour comes you will leave me to weep for an excommunicated man—and from the heat of to-day you can judge if it is hot down there."

Compare Andrea was silent. Pina plucked some withered sprays of mint, and crumbled the dry leaves between her fingers, while she watched him with a sidelong gaze.

"Swear to me that you will think no more of brigands," urged Pina. She wiped the tears from her burning cheeks with the hem of her cotton gown, which was turned up over her petticoat so as not to spoil it while she was at work. "Swear it to me, Andrea. The carabineers would make a mark of you, and then——"

Pina covered her face with her hands and sobbed. A tinkle of small bells was heard from the slope of the hill, and soon Fra Giacomo, he that went about to collect alms, came riding along the dusty road on his stout, black mule. The Franciscan friar was stout himself; he smiled with a good-natured air, and asked:

"How much do you give me for the good of your soul, Compare Andrea?"

"Oh! as for the soul, then," replied Andrea, "rather tell me, *reverendo*, how to keep one inside the body in the bad year we are having."

"There are always some pence for the Holy Church and the repose of the souls of your dead," urged Fra Giacomo. "If you give me a little, I shall pray for rain upon your land; if not, the will of Heaven be done."

"If you had spoken a little word to the blessed saints four weeks ago," said Andrea, "it would have been a fine thing, for then every drop of rain was worth so much gold."

"Give him something, give," recommended Pina, pulling her husband by the sleeve.

"For the Church, my brother," added Fra Giacomo.

Andrea took two copper coins from his pocket, and put them into the hand of the friar, who played the deaf man in order not to hear "Holy brigand" muttered over the offering. Then Fra Giacomo gave his blessing to Compare Andrea and his wife, turned the mule about, and set off at a careful pace down the road.

"Brigands here, brigands there," said Andrea; "I tell you the truth, I will not lead this life any longer. And this blessed day I shall push into the *macchia;* the trees are thick beyond there in the forest of La Sila; and if the guards find me, you know whether I, too, am a sharp-shooter. *A chi tocca, tocca*, he whose hour is come, will fall."

"If you care no longer for me or for our children," said Pina, "is there no other way to forsake us than to become a brigand?"

"I shall not forsake you so, no," replied Andrea. "You shall come with me. There is a place in the forest where from the mountain ridge one looks upon both seas. The rocks there are like a *difesa* built by masons. We can make our home there; and when the *galantuomini* shall come near, upon the road, in their fine carriages, with their pockets full of the money which we have taken out of the earth for them with our hands, for which we have risked our skins in the forest or sucked the poison of the marshes—then we will take back our own. What do you say to that?"

"I will not hear of it," Pina answered, steadily. "Listen, Andrea: when we come to die we could not enjoy a Christian end. The priest would not bring the blessed oil nor light a candle in the house of a brigand."

"So much the better," said Andrea. "When my uncle was shot

at night, in the *piazzetta*—for the affair of the stolen goat that you know of—Don Serafino put his head out of the window as we knocked at his door. There on the stones lay my uncle in a pool of blood, and the goat, with its fore-feet tied together, still hanging across his shoulder. 'Help, help, *reverendo*,' we cried, 'here is Zio Menico dying!' 'It rains by basinfuls, my sons,' says Don Serafino to us; 'I take on my own conscience the sins of that dying man, I take them.' And he shut the window as if it had been the gate of Paradise, and went back to his bed to stretch his arms and legs and get warm, while poor uncle grew cold. Brigand of a Don Serafino, that would rob us in this world and the next!"

Comare Pina was discouraged and made no reply. The shadow of the stem of the Indian figtree beneath which they were sitting now fell across the large cracked stone where there were so many lizards, proving that the hour of noon was past. Andrea put back in his pocket the clay pipe which he had not thought to light, and took up his spade. Pina also arose, knelt between the furrows, and began to tear up the weeds as if each one of them had been an enemy. The locusts sang anew their canticle in praise of the sun; the lizards came forth and glided about, graceful as ladies; the tom-tits hopped here and there, shaking their impertinent little tails, and took the worms almost from under the hands that uprooted the weeds.

When the twilight came Andrea and his wife went to their house. They had worked on, speaking very little; but Compare Andrea had been turning over and over in his mind the thoughts that filled it, like heavy mill-stones with nothing between them to grind. He had observed, among the weeds and soil, Pina's hands stained and spread with hard work, and the wedding-ring, that scarcely could have slipped over the joints of her finger, shone against the dark earth of the furrows. Then the memory of the time had come back to him when Comare Pina, beautiful with her sixteen years, used to pass by the field where he tended a flock of goats. She wore her holiday clothes—a red skirt, a dark jacket with ever so many bright metal buttons, an apron of stamped Cosenza leather tied with ribbons; a white linen *tovagliolo* covered the black braids of her hair, and in her ears were great hoops of gold hung with tinkling balls. She carried in her hand a knotted kerchief full of tomatoes or Indian figs—on the way, she explained, to visit her grandmother, who lived, however, in the opposite direction. But, as she further explained, to

reach the house of the *nonna*, one must cross the pasture where Compare Santo, the *mandriano*, kept his cattle.

"And of bovine beasts," she would say, "you know if I am afraid of them, Compare Andrea."

It was on one of these occasions that she had promised to marry Andrea. He had been gathering wild asparagus when she came near and his hands were soiled, so he cleaned them on the sides of his trousers before he took Pina in his arms and kissed her. Then they sat down on the grass together and ate all the Indian figs that were in her kerchief, with no thought of the *nonna;* and he tied around her throat the little heart of filigree gold on a blue ribbon, which he had bought for her in the city of Cosenza, when he went there to sell some goats; and which he had carried in his pocket until the right occasion should come for making her a present of it.

"Pina," at last said Andrea, "you know whether from my soul I care for you and for our children. But this life makes me die. I met Compare Santo on the road last evening. He seemed in great good humor. He told me that he was tired of eating black bread and wearing sheepskin breeches, and has decided to sail next week with a ship that goes from the port of Messina over to America, where they gather money like strawberries. There are great virgin forests there, and mines of gold and of silver, and endless herds of cattle and sheep, and all the people are *galantuomini*, and no one lacks the good gifts of Heaven. I shall go to America with Compare Santo; and when I have put together a great heap of money, I shall come back to take you and our children over with me. Shall I go to America, Pina *mia?*"

"Yes," she answered; "since you love us like that, Andrea, you shall go wherever it appears pleasing to you. The sky stands over America as here; and if you do no wrong, you will get no harm. Rather, you will be nearer to my heart there, an honest man, than a brigand here at my side. Meanwhile, I shall wait for you in our house with our children; and when I no longer have work in the seed-field, I can put my hands to the loom, I can do white sewing, or wash clothes, to support the children and keep them out of the middle of the road."

"Always the *galantuomini* who ruin us," grumbled Andrea. "They rob us of our labor and our life, and drive us from our families and our houses."

Who could count the tears that Comare Pina shed during the

night before Andrea went away? It would be like counting the drops of a river. But in the morning no trace of them was left upon her face, bronzed and hardened by the wind and the sun. She made up a package of her husband's best clothes, and let him go. She watched him on the road until sight could follow him no longer, and then returned slowly into the house, searching in her mind for a little comfort. He would send her a letter from Messina, where there are expert *scrivani* that know how to say everything with the pen before you have the words out of your mouth, or even in your mind. Andrea would send her a letter, one of those fine ones.

Meanwhile, her husband walked on, in company with Compare Santo, who had joined him at the turn of the road; and singing as he went, to drive away the sad thoughts that disturbed his mind, one of the bitter songs of the Calabrian people:

"O my bad case! Where is the field I have sown,
The field between two mountain streams that lay?
I sowed good grain, and gathered grief alone;
My wheat, in threshing, flew like flies away.
To buy my field, a rich man came from town;
No money, only buffets, did he pay.
I went to court, to make my grievance known—
The captain took me off to prison that day."

The promised letter came from Messina in due time. The *scrivano* understood his business, and earned his two *soldi*. He did not spare fine expressions; he added to the spontaneous words of affection that Compare Andrea sent to his dear ones the information that the traveller, crossing from Calabria to Messina, had passed in safety the tremendous perils of the ancient Scylla and Charybdis. He said nothing of sirens, however, so it may be hoped that the good Andrea met none. And to the signature, with magnificent flourishes, worth by itself the two *soldi*, Compare Andrea set his brave cross, in black on white, with a good pen.

Comare Pina, left alone with her children, gave up the field, stayed in the house, and earned what little she could by white sewing and by weaving the beautiful cloth in arabesques, which is the art of some of the Calabrian women. The children, also, did what they were able to do; the little girls could sweep the house, and clean the rice, or knead the bread, and the boy could shoot with his bow and arrows the small game which abounded in the *macchia*. He, with his little sisters, also planted beans and tomatoes in a small three-

cornered piece of ground behind the house, and cared for the pig, the goat, and the half-dozen hens.

As soon as Compare Andrea set foot on the new continent, he had a letter written to Pina. The country was called Argentina, he said, and, no doubt, there was silver for everybody. After that Comare Pina received no more letters from him.

When a year had passed, bad news reached the village concerning Compare Santo, the herdsman who went away with Andrea. He was dead in America, of yellow fever, he and several other Italians, his companions. Of these, said the letter written to the parish priest of the village, one only remained unrecognized, since he had no papers by which his name and country could be proved, but he was believed to be of Calabria.

The good priest, successor to Don Serafino, was made of very different stuff from that unworthy, who ate his bread perfidiously without caring for the souls of his parish. Hardly was the letter read before Don Geremia mounted his mule and betook himself to visit the poor Pina. The *comari* of the neighborhood, who had heard from the sister of the curate some word of the misfortune of Compare Santo, had gathered at Pina's house, from motives of good will mixed with curiosity. Don Geremia let Pina know, as gently as he could, the sad suspicion of the death of Andrea. When he had finished speaking, the women began to shriek and tear their hair. Pina alone remained as if she were made of stone.

"Courage, my daughter, and patience," recommended Don Geremia, placing his hand gently on her shoulder.

Pina turned suddenly toward him. "And why not, *signor curato?*" she said. "I can have courage, for I know that my man will come back. He promised it to me. And as for patience, I have had it a whole year. I have had it!"

She would never admit a doubt of Andrea's return, nor let any one speak of him as dead, although after a little time she chose, for respect, to put on mourning for him, by wearing, as is the custom of the place, all her husband's waistcoats, one upon the other, over her dress, until they were worn out and fell into rags. But she firmly maintained that Andrea would, some time, surely come back to her.

"I do not believe," she said, "that such evil has happened. One day, indeed, I felt myself *adocchiata*, and went to Zia Agata, the wise woman, to have the evil eye taken away from me. It may have been too late—what do I know? She put the salt and water on my

face, made the sign of the cross, and said the verses; and I yawned and yawned fit to unhinge my jaw, so that it was a pleasure to see. It is therefore certain that there was the witchcraft. But what *magaria!* All that came of it was that a hen died the same night and my daughter broke a dish. That was enough, but it was not for Andrea."

Meanwhile there were not lacking those who wished to marry Pina, seeing her so courageous and with two fingers' breadth more of brain than most women have. Among them was Compare Giuseppe, who owned not only his house and lands and a discreet number of cattle, but also the dowries of the three wives that he had buried.

"So many thanks," said Pina to him, "but I must care for my soul before I am ready to leave this world, and even then you would have the embarrassment of choosing a fifth woman."

The agent of the baron, who had moustaches like those of a cat, wished to take her with him to the city; and Compare Gianni, a well-to-do *massaro*, would willingly have married her and assumed the support of her four children—so much did he esteem her—for she was good as bread, a woman that worked all day and wasted nothing, not even an onion-top, was never of cost to her man, and so neat that—as the saying is—she would not wash her face in order not to soil the water. Whoever married Comare Pina would make a good bargain.

But she would listen to none of these suitors; and one evening, when the agent of the *galantuomo*, he of the moustaches, came under her window to sing with his guitar, Pina threw a pail of water on him, so that he shivered as if he had the fever. That water was not wasted, for the agent of the baron never came again to buzz around the house of Comare Pina.

If the neighbors spoke to her of Compare Gianni, who would be a good husband to her and also maintain her children, she answered seriously:

"One husband I have already, and that is enough for an honest woman."

It was no less than twelve years after the time that Compare Andrea went to America, that a stranger entered on foot the one long street of the village. This man was poorly clothed, a little bent, and walked leaning slightly upon a stick. His conical hat with a wide brim was lowered upon his forehead, and he appeared at the same time weary and in haste. He came to the *piazzetta*, where the women were filling their jars at the fountain, and asked for water

to drink. While he was drinking, he looked anxiously at one and another of the women. It seemed as though he wished to ask some question; but in the end he decided not to do so, and contented himself with merely thanking the woman who had offered him her jar. Then he went on his way until he reached the house of Comare Pina. Here he came to a halt before the door. He passed his hand more than once across his brow; for it seemed to him, as to a drowning person, that he saw crowding before his sight all that had happened during so many years. What was it in the odor of the rosemary and the thyme that almost made the tears come to his eyes? Was such a thing ever heard of! *Su, animo!* At least, he was again in his own country.

The old dog, which had been the faithful companion of Compare Andrea, lay stretched across the door-stone asleep, rousing himself now and then to snap at the flies that teased him. He heard the step of the stranger, lifted his head, and listened a moment. Then he arose, growled, was silent for an instant, licked the hand of the stranger, and finished with barking joyously.

Comare Pina left the loom, and came to the door to see what ailed Turco that he should bark so loudly. The stranger stretched out his hands to her.

"It is I, Pina *mia*," he said. "I am come back."

Pina stood motionless, as if she doubted what was said to her. The dog pulled at her skirt. The little daughters came from the field behind the house, and stood staring with great eyes at the stranger. In a few moments there assembled some *comari* of the neighborhood, who had watched the traveller on the road.

"Pina, Pina, I am Andrea," he said. "Will you not recognize me?"

"Look, Pina," interposed Comare Barbara, who always thrust herself into the affairs of others. "Do you not see that it is truly Compare Andrea? He is badly dressed, it is true, so that he appears like a beggar—but that does not prevent one from recognizing the large nose that his mama made him."

"Are you not glad to see me again?" urged Andrea.

"It is so long, so long!" murmured Pina to herself. "Who can say if it be really Andrea? I do not know—and I am Andrea's wife."

"Say, Pina, is not this your man?" asked one of the neighbors.

"What do I know about it?" responded Pina, mournfully.

At this moment her son came down from the forest. Over his

shoulder hung some rabbits which he had shot; and his father's large gun, almost too heavy for a youth, was in his hands.

"Who is this that comes to disturb my mama?" he asked, and when he looked angry he was all his father.

"I am your papa," Andrea answered him.

"Is my papa come back again?" said the boy. "We have waited so long, mama, and the little sisters, and I."

Comare Pina snatched the gun from her son's hands. "If you truly are my Andrea," she said, "you can shoot, and so prove it to me."

Andrea's eyes gleamed under the rim of his hat. He held out his hands a little tremulously. "I may have lost my skill," he observed. "I am out of practice."

Nevertheless, he took the gun from her hands.

"It may be so," cried Pina, "but you have to shoot."

"Pina, Pina!" entreated the other women, frightened without knowing why.

She drew off her wedding-ring by main force. Andrea, looking on confusedly, saw that her fingers were grown much thinner during the twelve years of his absence. She ran many paces across the road; and, raising her left hand to her head, she held, between thumb and fore-finger, the sacramental ring near her throbbing temple.

"Shoot!" she commanded.

"Heavens, no, Pina! For pity's sake!" begged Andrea. "Tell me, rather, to shoot myself."

"Shoot!" repeated his wife.

"Oh! Will you not believe me—I am, I am your Andrea, your husband. I will prove it to you in so many ways, only give me a little time," he prayed her.

"If you are my Andrea," answered Pina, "you can send the bullet through the ring that you gave me. If you are not he—draw the trigger and burn my brain, for I have waited and hoped too long to be disappointed at last. Shoot!"

All the *comari* screamed and hid their faces from fear; the little girls ran into the house and crouched under the bed, not to see what was being done. The boy flung himself across the door-stone, burying his face in the hair of the dog.

Andrea glanced at Pina. She did not look at him. Her wide-open eyes were turned toward the sky and seemed blinded by the rays of the sunset. Andrea threw down his hat, straightened himself, raised the gun to his shoulder, took aim, and fired.

Comare Barbara was the only one who could look at such a horror; it is true that the neighbors said of her that she would have watched the torment of the souls in purgatory, in order to be able to tell the story of it afterward, she was such a chatterbox. In relating this story, she never failed to say it was a pleasure to see the bullet pass straight through the ring, as if it had been the finger of a bride; and Pina's hand that held the ring never moved, though the wind of the bullet ruffled her hair.

And then poor Pina ran, all in tears, fell at her husband's feet, and, clasping his knees, prayed him to put the ring again on her finger, as if they were standing before the priest. He lifted her from the ground, and, with his arm around her, led her into the house.

It was true, the neighbors agreed, that Compare Andrea had brought back little from America; and he said that it was like the rest of the world, money was not as the stones of the road, even there. But with what little he had saved from his earnings he was able to buy back his land, and some more with it. He spent much of his time also at the shop of Maso the blacksmith, trying to construct a plough that should be different from those which had satisfied the good souls of his father and grandfather; and in other ways it appeared to the neighbors that his head was no longer up to the mark. It might have been the effect of the yellow fever—who knows?—that gave him the whim of inventing these things. The fact is, too much thinking spoils the brain!

But it was also true that, because of the extraordinary plough or for some other reason, the land of Compare Andrea bore twice as much as the fields of his neighbors; and he had good fortune with his cattle, sheep, and poultry. It became necessary for him, beside himself and his son, to hire men for the herds and the land. The truth is, riches are like ducks, they run to those who know how to call them.

And it was really a consolation to see Comare Pina so contented at the side of her husband that she would not have wished to be in the clothes of the queen. The only anxiety which remained to her was lest Andrea should some time desire to cross the ocean again, to revisit America, and seek fortune in the Republica Argentina. Meanwhile, her twelve years of lonely weaving and waiting were ended.

E. CAVAZZA.

# CRITICISMS, NOTES, AND REVIEWS.

## MODERN ITALIAN POETS.*

WERE it not that this book is put forth as the result of the careful study of many years, we should think it an essentially youthful work, written chiefly as a frame in which to set exercises in verse-translation. The author's knowledge of Italian literature seems to stop at about a quarter of a century ago ; the critics and literary historians on whom he relies for his opinions are of no later date than 1860 ; and of these only De Sanctis is recognized as of any authority, while Emiliano-Giudici was so warped by his political opinions as to be of no weight at all. Why should Mr. Howells begin a book on *modern* Italian poets with Frugoni and the Arcadia ? And why should he end his series oblivious of all that has been written in the thirty years since Italy has been united and independent ? But even within the limits that he has chosen, why, if Frugoni is talked of, should there be no mention of Metastasio, whose great merits are being daily better recognized ? Why should he omit Pindemonte, who rivalled Monti and Foscolo ; and why, if he speaks of such minor versifiers as Berchet and Carrer, because they were patriots, should he pass over such a really great poet as Carlo Porta, who, although he wrote in the Milanese dialect, expressed better than any one else the feeling of Italian unity as it existed in Lombardy, both during the Italic kingdom and under Austrian domination ? Or why should he omit such other great poets in dialect as Buratti the Venetian, and Belli the Roman ? Or why should he neglect Gabriele Rossetti, the most important of all ? Indeed the first half of this book does not give us as much information as is found in the essay " On the Present Literature of Italy," published in 1818 by Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse) but which was really written by Ugo Foscolo.

The author does not seem to have consulted the three volumes of *Histoire de la Littérature Italienne Contemporaine* by Amadée Roux, which come down to 1883, and which are excellent in their way, or the various special studies, memoirs, and collections of letters recently published in Italy, which have greatly enlarged our knowledge of Italian political and literary life during the last hundred years.

While we are firm believers of the doctrine of *l'art pour l'art* in criticis-

* *Modern Italian Poets :* Essays and Reviews, by W. D. Howells. New York : Harper & Brothers.

ing poetry or any other branch of pure literature, we hold to the principles on which M. Taine lays such stress, that in discussing a work of the past we must take into account the time when the author lived, his environment, and the circumstances of his life, as well as the development of his personal character.

We go even farther when considering the works of foreigners, and wish to know not only how they impressed their contemporaries, but how they are viewed in their own country after the lapse of years. It is now nearly a century since Parini and Alfieri flourished; and with the many changes in Italy, more rapid and more diverse than in most other countries, critical opinion on the poets treated of by Mr. Howells has probably become what it will always remain, though it is by no means concordant with his views. The poets were greatly influenced in their subjects and in their mode of expression by political surroundings which have now entirely passed away, and which it is difficult to appreciate without a considerable study of history. These Mr. Howells seems to have lost sight of, for he treats his poets too much as if they were independent of all space and time relations.

The more we study the history of Italy in the eighteenth century, the less we believe in the theories so long current of the extraordinary corruption of manners and morals, and of the futility of intellectual life. We can form an idea from Vernon Lee's book of how the expression of the beautiful gradually changed from poetry to music, while in philosophy in its broadest sense Italy was second only to France, or at least stood on a par with England in the second rank.

In the period of peace which followed the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748—to go as far back as does Mr. Howells, and to speak only of imaginative literature—the traditions of the age of Louis XIV. still ruled in Italy, as perhaps to a less extent, elsewhere. Out of these emerged Metastasio and Goldoni, the former at his best soaring toward Corneille and Racine, while in his language he is the follower of Guarini and Marino, and exemplifies the transition of Italian verse into music; the latter having in him something of the excellences of Molière and Regnard. Out of Italian society of the latter period of the century, the greater part of which was still living as in the comedies of Goldoni, and pleasing itself with the ideals of Metastasio, but in which the upper strata were leavened by the doctrines of the philosophers and economists, and the revolutionary ferment was working, emerged two poets, Parini and Alfieri—one representing gradual reform, the other immediate insurrection. Parini, like Goldoni, drew pictures of real life, but pictures marked by contempt and pain, etched with the style of a censor. But the efficacy of Parini in reforming his fellow men was much less than that of Alfieri; he rarely looked beyond the lime-tree walk at the east gate of Milan, and never rose to the idea of a renewal of Italy, nor do his exquisite verses vibrate with thoughts of Italy as a fatherland, or free. "He left a noble example of style and life," as the poet and critic Carducci

says, from one of whose lectures at Bologna a portion of the above has been paraphrased.

"Vittorio Alfieri left us passion; and at certain moments passion is necessary for retempering a people as well as a literature. It has been said that the tragedy of Alfieri is French tragedy, with the flesh taken off the bones; and, looked at from one point of view only, this may seem true; but, in fact, that was not the time, nor Italy the country, nor Alfieri the man, for theoretical questions. Tragedy was then *the* form *par excellence*: the form given to it by the poets of Louis XIV. was universal; it was believed to be stable and eternal like the Monarchy, like the Church, like society divided into three classes. And by means of this legitimate and regular tragedy, Alfieri, with the nervous force of Dante, brought among us the *contrât social;* and with the unities of time and place proclaimed the Revolution. This is the novelty of Alfieri: whether he created national tragedy or not seems a purely scholastic question: he re-created poetry, he created the Italian Revolution."

It is for this reason, for what they inspire and not for what they say, that the dramas of Alfieri will continue to be read. But his minor poems will do most to keep alive his memory and his reputation; overshadowed in his lifetime by his more ambitious works, they are now more widely known.

The next literary phase, that of the Revolution, from 1789 to 1815, is represented by three poets, Pindemonte, Monti, and Foscolo; the two last in every way remarkable. While the French Revolution was acclaimed by liberal minds and poets in England and Germany, it was hated and suspected in Italy; and Monti was merely an exponent of the general feeling of the country, not merely of Rome and of clericalism, when in his *Bassvilliana* he attacked the spirit of French democracy and wrote the splendid apotheosis of Louis XVI. We, who have lived under settled and orderly governments, do not readily appreciate the changes which can come over the characters of individual men, in a brief space of time, during a period of revolution. It has been the fashion to accuse Monti of inconsistency and time-serving, because at one time he opposed the Revolution, and subsequently lauded Napoleon. It is forgotten that, in spite of the excesses and misdeeds of the French in the Peninsula, Bonaparte brought a certain sort of self-government and liberty; that in the Italic kingdom—the *regno Italico*—he restored the name of Italy to at least a portion of the country, which became the centre of the hopes and aspirations of all the remainder; that under his guidance the long unwarlike Italians fought and conquered, for the first time on German soil, in arms against their old oppressor; and that at last the Italian name was one to be proud of. At that time how could an Italian patriot refrain from praising Napoleon? When Napoleon had fallen, when the Italic kingdom, chiefly through the influence of England, had become the Austrian Province of Lombardy, when the dream of independence had vanished, regrets for deluded hopes took forms as different as human characters. Italians, at least, now see that Monti was no mere time-server, and that, in spite of his weaknesses and hesitations, he was as sincere a patriot as any one.

It is to be regretted, therefore, that Mr. Howells should content himself with the old erroneous view of Monti's character and Monti's times which

was current among ultra-republicans some forty years ago. It is curious that Mr. Howells, who does not seem to have an intimate knowledge of Monti's poetry, should never even mention the *Mascheroniana ;* if only for the reason that—as told in one of Beyle's letters—a party of eminent Italians in Milan, in 1816, agreed that the first twelve lines of this poem were the finest that had been written in Italy for a hundred years ; and that Monti himself recited nearly the whole of the first canto, to the great and evident delight of Lord Byron, who was present.

Ugo Foscolo brought into Italian poetry a Greek ardor for liberty and a Greek love of beauty, both native in his Zantiot blood. Every line, every sentence vibrates with passion and with life, even where the form seems cold and classical. Some of his sonnets have had no equal since Petrarch and Tasso, with whose they can be advantageously compared ; and his nervous prose is the beginning of modern style. Foscolo fought, as well as wrote, for Italy ; and the most beautiful of his poems were composed during the siege of Genoa, or amid the fatigues of camp life. But he was one of the earliest to awake from Napoleonic illusions and to despair of Italy's future. He went into voluntary exile, and his last years were passed in England in doubt, distress, and struggles for existence. Though he found many and generous friends to help him, and aided himself by brilliant articles in the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, his personal failings and the defects of his character gradually alienated his friends. Mr. Howells rather loses himself in his comparisons and antitheses when he says :

"There is much of violence, vanity, and adventure in it to remind of Byron ; but Foscolo had neither the badness of Byron's heart nor the greatness of his talent. He was, moreover, a better scholar and a man of truer feeling."

He could scarcely have ventured on his slur about "badness of heart" had he been acquainted, even slightly, with the history of the amours of Foscolo. The mention of Byron, however, recalls a passage in one of that poet's letters to Murray which contains a criticism :

"So you and Mr. Foscolo, etc., want me to undertake what you call a great work ? . . . And Foscolo, too ! Why does *he* not do something more than the *Letters of Ortis*, and a tragedy, and pamphlets? He has good fifteen years more at his command than I have ; what has he done all that time?—proved his genius, doubtless, but not fixed his fame, nor done his utmost.

"Besides, I mean to write my best work in *Italian*, and it will take me nine years more thoroughly to master the language."

This last sentence has been frequently misunderstood as implying that Byron seriously intended writing an Italian poem ; whereas, it is evidently a little skit at Foscolo's English essays, corrected by Hobhouse and his other friends, in Murray's *Quarterly Review*. We must both agree with, and dissent from, Byron's judgment. Foscolo never did his utmost, but he did fix his fame, which is growing greater rather than less, at least in Italian opinion.

Pindemonte, the last of the three of whom we are speaking, was of an entirely different character. Not a fiery radical like Foscolo, nor sensitive to

every fluctuation of political life like Monti, he passed his days in quiet contemplation at Verona. He had been at Paris during the Revolution with Alfieri, and had spent some time in England. His poems, whether elegies, satires, or epistles, seem inspired by English feeling, and remind us in a way of Gray, of Goldsmith, and of Crabbe; they hold, too, in Italian poetry a similar place.

The period of despair and disillusion which followed the downfall of Napoleon, and the reëstablishment of petty despotisms in Italy, produced totally different effects on the two great writers of this period: Manzoni took refuge in mysticism; Leopardi became a pessimist. The feeling of Manzoni came to be, "All in good time, if such be the will of God;" but in his sacred hymns, his tragedies, and his great novel, he is no less a patriot. Leopardi, from sheer despair, lost even the feeling of patriotism which had prompted his earlier poems; exclaimed, "All is vanity, effort is useless; better death than such a life." Leopardi offers the most striking example in Italy of the *maladie du siècle*, the *Weltschmerz*, or what so many have called Byronism. Foscolo was not unaffected by the same disease, which seems to have been but a natural reaction in generous minds on the failure of all their great hopes of liberty and progress inspired by the French Revolution. Even as far away as Russia the political reaction was at the bottom of the pessimism of Pushkin and Lermontof. In particular cases the *ennui* and intellectual discontent were complicated by private circumstances, and this was especially the case with Leopardi. If his birthplace at Recanati had really been in Tuscany, as Mr. Howells states, instead of in the Papal States, the whole life of Leopardi would have been different. But we should, perhaps, have lost some poems which, in spite of their teachings, are supremely beautiful, and which are destined to last. Mr. Howells is certainly wrong in supposing that "Italian criticism of the present day would not give Leopardi nearly so high a place among the poets as his contemporaries accorded him." The fame of Leopardi stands higher now than ever in the opinion not only of his countrymen, but of foreigners. It is only a year since Mr. Townsend's excellent translation of Leopardi's poems was published in America, and a new and complete French translation is now announced.

The fame of Manzoni as a poet is, on the contrary, declining; although a school of violent Manzonians still exists, who for a while after his death were as bitter as the admirers of Victor Hugo in allowing no opposition or even reservations, Manzoni will be chiefly remembered by his great novel *I promessi sposi*, which was the culminating work of what pedants call the romantic school. This name was indeed appropriated and gloried in by Berchet, Borsieri, Silvio Pellico, and the band of young men who published the *Conciliatore* in Milan in 1817. But Manzoni, although he sympathized with them, refused to join them, as he was unwilling to belong to any association. Several of these men are included by Mr. Howells among the minor poets. Some of their verses will always find a place in every anthology; but they will be chiefly known through their prose works, little as these are

now read. Their historical novels are at best but political pamphlets, in which Spaniards take the place of Austrians, while their tragedies—even including those of Nicolini, once so popular—will be as seldom taken from the library shelves as the plays of Joanna Baillie. Among the minor poets not mentioned by Mr. Howells, two seem to have a return of popularity—Fantoni, the last of the Arcadians and better known by his Arcadian name, Labindo; and the Milanese dialect-poet, Carlo Porta, who was said by Beyle, writing at the time, to condense in his short poems the best and most truthful pictures of Milanese life, as well as patriotic feeling and biting satires against the Austrians.

When we come to later times the field is held by Giusti, the chapter about whom is, with that on Parini, the most successful part of Mr. Howells' book. It is partly, perhaps, because he is more successful in pictures of life and character than in criticism; chiefly, however, because Mr. Howells had for his authority on Parini the careful monograph of Cantù, and on Giusti the excellent and interesting life by Miss Horner. As to Prati, who was popular in his day, we shall only say that we admire Mr. Howells' courage in boasting that he has read very little of him, and yet writing about him.

It would be interesting to compare the new school of contemporary Italian poetry with that of the early part of the century—to speak of Stecchetti and his followers, Panzacchi, the vagaries of Rapisardi, and the remarkable and beautiful poems of Carducci, but Mr. Howells has chosen to fix the limits of his book before their day and with these we must be content; venturing only to quote to him a recent remark of the French critic, Brunetière: "*Les romanciers seraient sages de ne pas s'essayer à la Critique: ils n'y sont ni dans leur rôle, ni sur leur terrain, ni dans leur élément.*"

---

## McCOSH'S RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF EVOLUTION.*

ASIDE from his rank in distinctively philosophical circles, Doctor McCosh is one of the leaders of that large class of thinkers whose philosophy is largely conditioned by their Christian beliefs. At the present time, when many of this class are still either faltering adherents or active opponents of the theory of evolution, his attitude in expounding this theory and openly advocating it, within certain limits, cannot fail to have a wide influence. He prepared the way for a fair scientific consideration of this theory in his lectures upon Christianity and Positivism, that is, he admitted the force of Darwin's argument and took a neutral stand-point; this was in 1874, when evolution was, comparatively speaking, in the *hypothesis* stage. Now that every branch of biological research, during the intervening years, has brought fresh proofs, he is happily in a position where he is not obliged to retrace his steps, but can himself adopt the theory and state the evidence.

---

* *The Bedell Lectures*, 1887: *The Religious Aspect of Evolution*, by James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Thus, in the Bedell Lectures for 1887, on *The Religious Aspect of Evolution*, Doctor McCosh has, we think, rendered a material service both to science and to religion.

In the opening lecture he endeavors to remove the misconception that the mutability of species is inconsistent with creative action: "I have never been able to see that religion, and in particular that Scripture in which our religion is embodied, is concerned with the immutability of species," p. 27; again, "The *status questionis*, as the scholastics expressed it, is here not between God and not God, but between God working without means and by means, the means being created by God and working for Him." The second chapter is an outline of the geological evidences for evolution (which have accumulated so rapidly in the palæontological discoveries of the past decade) concluding with the sentence: "While the law of genetic descent is universal, it does not therefore follow that there is no other power involved in the genesis of our earth and the direction of its history." This introduces the third chapter, in which it is shown that organic evolution must stand with gravitation and other physical laws as demonstrating design and the presence of God in nature; further, that evolution does not explain the introduction of life into matter, or of morality. The fourth chapter, upon "Beneficence in the Method of Evolution," opens with two propositions which well embody the pervading spirit of these lectures, and, in fact, of the author's life-teaching; and which should be adopted as planks in the platform of theistic philosophy. First: "This impression" (that the doctrine of development is adverse to religion) "is to be removed, first by declaring emphatically that we are to look on evolution simply as the method by which God works," p. 58. The second has a still wider scope: "The time has now come when people must judge of a supposed scientific theory not from the faith or unbelief of its discoverer, but *from the evidence in its behalf*. They will find that whatsoever is true is also good, and will in the end be favorable to religion."

In briefly reviewing these lectures we have kept in mind the author's purpose in preparing them. They were not designed as a treatise on the theory of evolution but to show its bearing upon the theistic argument. From this point of view the work is a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject.

---

## HISTORY, POLITICS, AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE works in this department have not been over numerous or important. The American Historical Association sends out from time to time instalments of its excellent papers;* and the Fifth Series of the *Johns Hopkins University Studies*† is nearly completed. Mr. O'Neil has issued a volume

* *Papers of the American Historical Association*, Vol. II. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *Johns Hopkins University Studies*, Fifth Series. Baltimore, 1888.

on *The American Electoral System* * which is rather better than its preface might lead the student to believe. It was hardly advisable for the author to speak continually as if his subject were untrodden ground, ignoring McKnight's *Electoral System*, a work much better, in many points, than his own. Mr. Jones's little book † is an attempt to show that, in the matter of concurrent taxation, such as the income tax, the Federal Government has appropriated all the receipts, leaving to the States the mass of the expense of good government. The author seems to forget that the taxation of corporations is almost a new resource, which has accrued almost wholly to the States. As to the volumes of Messrs. Norman ‡ and Foulke,§ it is hardly necessary to do more than commend them cordially, and advise students of the Irish and Eastern questions to read them carefully. The same may be said of Mr. Isham's brief résumé of the Fishery Question,‖ in its history and its present phases. Mr. Jacobson's volume ¶ is an effort to show that a graduation succession tax and manual training schools are to solve all our modern industrial problems.

Mr. Kearny's volume ** is a good student's abstract of our financial history, unsatisfactory only in that it stops at 1835. Mr. Warfield has really contributed something absolutely new to the study of the Kentucky Resolutions.†† His demonstration that Jefferson's famous letter of December 11, 1821, was not addressed to "—— Nicholas, Esq.," but to J. C. Breckinridge, has changed the historical aspect of the Resolutions in many points, and makes this volume an essential to any one who is studying this period of American history. A more modern contribution is that of Judge Kelley.‡‡ It is a statement, from personal observation, of the wonderful contrast between the South as it was in 1867 and in 1887, and a valuable statement, too, in spite of the constant interjection of protectionist theories. Economic observation is good; and party pamphlets are good: but it is not advisable to mix the two.

Mr. Griffis's *Life of Perry* §§ is a worthy biography of a great sailor, an

---

* *The American Electoral System.* By Charles O'Neil. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *Federal Taxes and State Expenses.* By William H. Jones. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡ *Bodyke: a Chapter in the History of Irish Landlordism.* By Henry Norman. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

§ *Slav or Saxon.* By Wm. D. Foulke, A.M. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‖ *The Fishery Question.* By Charles Isham. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

¶ *Higher Ground.* By Augustus Jacobson. Chicago, 1888: A. C. McClurg and Co.

** *Sketch of American Finances: 1789–1835.* By John Watts Kearny. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

†† *The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798: an Historical Study.* By Ethelbert Dudley Warfield. New York, 1887: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡‡ *The Old South and the New.* By Hon. Wm. D. Kelley. New York, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

§§ *Matthew Calbraith Perry: a Typical American Naval Officer.* By William Elliot Griffis. Boston, 1887: Cupples and Hurd.

original thinker, and an inveterately industrious worker. Oliver Hazard Perry won the battle of Lake Erie. His less-known brother, the father of our steam navy, the re-introducer of the ram into modern naval tactics, the leading instrument in the establishment of the Naval School, in the abolition of flogging and the grog ration, and in the reform of American gunnery, and the diplomatist who unsealed the life of Japan to foreign eyes, has waited until now for a biographer. Fortunately for him and for history, the biographer is a competent one; and Mr. Griffis's volume will take a place in the permanent literature of American history.

---

## DYNAMICAL BIOLOGY.

Biology is frequently called a new science, not, however, because the subject matter is new, but because a new method of treatment has been introduced. During the last thirty years a great change has taken place in the study of this science. From a purely statical science it has passed into a stage of dynamics, and in this light it is recognized and studied to-day by most of its devotees. In all things the human mind is at first satisfied with names; subsequently with classifications; and finally it demands causes. Such has been the history of biological science, and for centuries plants and animals have been studied as facts of nature. They have been named, dissected, analayzed, and classified, but always as existing things ready made for study. It was not until the present century that questions of cause have been asked, and not until the last twenty-five or thirty years that plants and animals have been studied as living and changing factors of nature. Statical biology, or what was formerly called natural history, studied anatomy, relation, homologies, classifications of organisms as inanimate things; it studied organic nature at rest, and could be pursued even better with dead animals than with the living. Dynamical biology, which is biology in its modern sense, studies life in motion, and takes into consideration all of the factors occurring to modify it. It deals always with living and not with dead organisms. It asks what causes an animal to digest its food, and what forces are at play within it causing the food to undergo the numerous complicated life-changes. It does not longer content itself with asking into how many divisions the animal kingdom should be divided, but asks *why* it should be divided at all. It asks not what the classification of a plant may be, but what is the *principle* of classification; not what the embryology of an animal is, but what is the law of embryology. It asks what has produced the various forms of life; why the elephant has a trunk and the giraffe a long neck; not only what has been the purpose, but what the *causes* which produced them. It asks what effect upon animals and plants have heat, light, moisture, dryness, famine, abundance, etc. It asks *why* a child inherits from its parents, and what causes organisms to reproduce at all. It asks for the origin of species, the origin of life, and it is constantly trying to discover what life is.

In short, facts are now studied in connection with their causes; and the present for the purpose of learning the past and predicting the future.

Dynamical biology cannot be regarded as introduced to the world by the work of any one man, nor as the result of any particular line of investigation, nor indeed as having had any definite beginning. It has slowly appeared as the result of numerous lines of thought, and it is the inevitable result of modern science. Darwin and Spencer certainly gave it a vigorous impetus onward, but only because many others had been preparing the way. The study of chemistry, as applied to organic material; the study of physics, with its slowly advancing ideas concerning energy; the study of geology, with the growing conception of the uniformity of nature's laws in producing the present world; the study of microscopic forms, in which life was reduced to its lowest terms and freed from the confusing complications present in higher forms; the study of animals under domestication and a perception of the readiness with which they are changed—all of these factors were preparing the way for an inquiry into the causes which have led to the present animate nature, and the study of organisms in a living, active condition. Many names could be mentioned with those of Darwin and Spencer as intimately connected with this sort of biological study. To-day, while we still find among naturalists many students of purely statical biology, most of the younger men regard this study alone as of secondary importance, and look upon the study of species only as a means to an end, which end is the discovery of the laws regulating life.

Dynamical biology is a subject of almost infinite complexity. Not only is the number of problems to be solved beyond calculation, but the modifying factors are innumerable. It is supposed that there are definite laws regulating living phenomena, but the disturbing factors interfering with their normal action are so great that it is impossible to tell how greatly any law may be modified. Chemistry and physics enter intimately into almost every biological problem. Other sciences are simplicity itself compared with this one. Let any one, for instance, by knowing the rate of multiplication of a fly, attempt to determine how many descendants a single individual will have in three months. It is absolutely impossible. Famine, flood, storms, enemies, all come in as direct factors, and these are dependent upon others, and these yet upon others, making the seemingly simple problem insoluble. Mathematics has not yet been applied to this science, and when we consider the extreme complexity of the subject we may almost despair of ever reaching a mathematical basis. For biology is indeed the combination of chemistry, physics, and geology, and all in their most complicated and least understood phases. It is organic chemistry, molecular physics, dynamical geology, and meteorology, the very branches of science about which we know the least, which form the factors from which biological science must be deduced; and to this must be added the special factor, and still further complicating principle of life, whatever that may be. What the future may develop in this vast unknown field we cannot say, for science is as yet only

in its outer boundaries. Even the fundamental law of descent or evolution is hardly yet established to the satisfaction of all, and as to the method of that evolution and its causes, hardly two biologists can be found to agree.

The philosophical leaning of this new science is significant and interesting, for it forms a final step along a line in which thought has been long advancing. From the very earliest times man has been trying to formulate to himself explanations for the mysterious phenomena of nature. Understanding personality as a cause, he was first led into polytheism. This subsequently gave way before the nobler conception of one omnipotent power ruling all things. Slowly there arose side by side with monotheism the idea of natural law, a conception which ought to have formed a part of monotheism, being in perfect harmony with it, but which has unfortunately been frequently regarded as antagonistic to theism. A law is simply a rule of activity, and not an explanation of activity. The discovery of laws has been only the discovery of regularity in the activities of nature. These regular methods of activity were called laws, and the advance of science consisted in combining these laws and including in them many disjointed phenomena hitherto regarded as miraculous. One by one the different realms of nature have been studied and shown to be all acting harmoniously in accordance with natural law. The various phases of nature have been shown to be inter-dependent, and the idea of a unitary harmonious whole has slowly arisen. Astronomy, physics, chemistry, meteorology are all found to be parts of this unit. Until recently, however, the one phenomenon of life has not been allowed to share in this brotherhood of sciences. Life is so unique, has such mysterious properties, that it was not until recently conceived that it could be brought into the realm of the same natural laws with other sciences. In this connection, then, is the great significance and interest of dynamical biology, since it is simply the attempt to put life and its phenomena within the same realm of law to which other mysterious phenomena have been before consigned. Can life and all its manifestations be explained by that same series of laws which we find omnipresent in nature, or must some other independent factor be assumed as its foundation? This is the question around which hangs modern dynamical biology. The question is not yet answered—certainly not yet in the affirmative; and it is the existence of such a far-reaching, unanswered question that gives a peculiar interest to biological research. The details of the study of protoplasm are in themselves interesting, but everything pales before this fundamental question which every biologist feels as he studies. Is life governed by anything other than natural law? Are the phenomena of life all explainable by natural law? Is life an independent factor of nature, or is it only a complex combination of chemical, physical, and other forces? These questions are what make biology a new science, and it is for their answer that its devotees are directly or indirectly working.

## BOOKS RECEIVED,

*Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.*

ALLEN.—*Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina*, pp. xv., 544. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BARNARD.—*Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland.* English History by Contemporary Writers, pp. x., 209. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BAUMBACH.—*Summer Legends*, pp. iv., 287. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

BROOKS.—*Abraham Lincoln*, pp. xiv., 476. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CARY.—*Dialogues of Plato*, pp. x., 189. New York: Scribner & Welford.

COSSA.—*Taxation, its Principles and Methods*, pp. xi., 213. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

EATON.—*The Heart of the Creeds*, pp. vi., 200. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HENLEY.—*A Book of Verses*, pp. xi., 167. London, 1888: David Nutt.

HUTTON.—*Simon de Montfort and his Cause.* English History by Contemporary Writers, pp. xi., 181. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LUNT.—*Economic Science*, pp. ix., 114. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MARSH.—*Life and Letters of George Perkins Marsh*, 2 vols. New York, 1888: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SHIELDS.—*Philosophia Ultima*, vol. I. (third edition), pp. x., 419. New York, 1888: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SPENCER.—*Hints from a Lawyer*, pp. viii., 227. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

STEDMAN AND HUTCHINSON.—*Library of American Literature*, vols. I.-III. New York, 1888: Charles L. Webster & Co.

STEELE.—*Popular Physics*, pp. xii., 380. New York and Chicago, 1887: A. S. Barnes & Co.

STERNE.—*Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States* (fourth revised edition), pp. xx., 361. New York and London, 1888: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

TOLSTOĬ.—*Life*, pp. 295. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

WARMAN.—*Practical Orthoëpy and Critique*, pp. 448. Chicago, 1888: W. H. Harrison, Jr. Publishing Co.

WILLIAMS.—*Rational Theology*, pp. x., 310. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Boston: George H. Ellis.